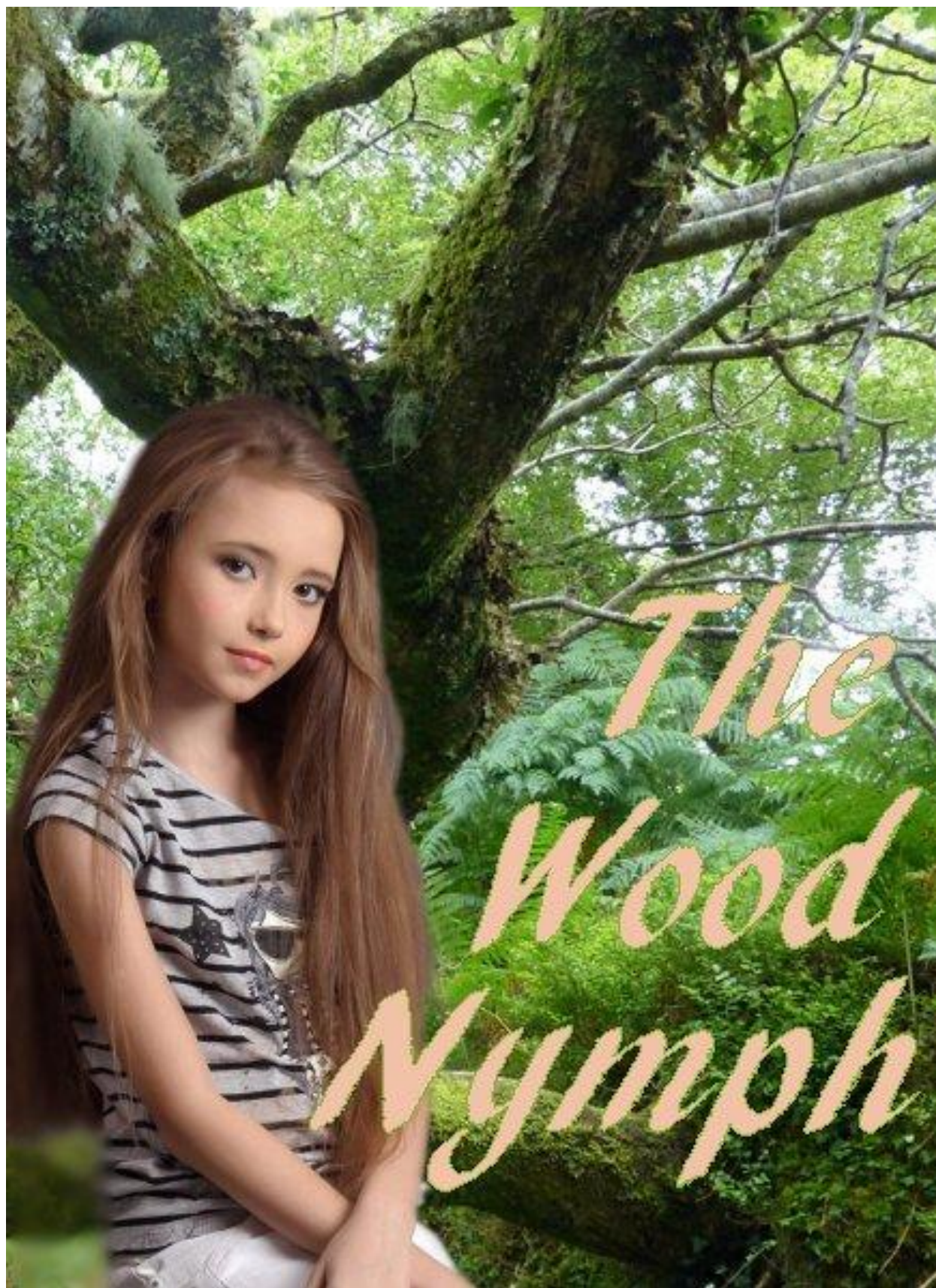




THE WOOD NYMPH

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INTRODUCTION

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This story contains depictions of sexual activity between consenting adults. It also offers some fictional depictions of sexual and inappropriate activity between adults and minors. It is entirely a work of fiction and none of the characters are based on or should be seen as resembling any persons living or dead. The locations mentioned do exist but as far as the author is aware none of the activities shown have ever taken place at any of the locations referred to. The story is intended for an adult audience namely persons of an age for which reading such written material is not viewed as contravening the laws of the country in which the story is being read.

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CHAPTER 1 - THE COTTAGE IN THE WOODS

Penstone is quiet today. A hazy summer sun warms the air. A few villagers can be seen going about their daily tasks. A farm cart struggles along the street laden with sheaves of wheat. The old grey horse between the shafts looks tired. Flies rise and fall again from the beast as he flicks his tail disconsolately in a feeble attempt to dislodge the small buzzing cloud of insects. Walking beside the cart the farmer holds the reins and without realising it keeps step with his horse as they proceed past the Heart of Oak Inn.

The sound of revelry can be heard from within. As the farmer and his equine companion reach the cross roads and turn right heading down the hill towards the new railway line the door of the Inn swings open and a tall young man emerges. He is dressed in a suit and white shirt with a wing collar and a dark blue cravat. He does not appear to be wealthy but he clearly has means as the cut of his suit indicates. It may also be judged by the time of day he is leaving the hostelry. If he were a working man he would be at labour during the daytime. His hair colour is dark brown and he is sporting a neatly trimmed beard and moustaches.

“Tomorrow then.” He calls back over his shoulder to his drinking companions who respond with ribald comments and laughter. “Next time one of you can pay for the Ale. My purse will not run to buying you drinks every time we meet.”

The year is 1878, Penstone is a typical English village. Slightly larger than a hamlet and comprising of mainly thatched cottages. The railway arrived there in 1860 but without a station to allow the residents to travel by train. All they could do was watch as the steam engines trundled past on the way to Woolchester. The station building past which the farm cart is now meandering was only built and opened seven years previously. A small single storey brick station building was erected on the east end of the up platform, comprising a booking hall and ladies' and general waiting room. A small shelter was provided for the down platform for passengers to Woolchester. There was a wooden bridge linking the two platforms. Since it opened the villagers now relied on the railway for journeys into Woolchester. Or at least those who could afford it did. It is perhaps not surprising how quickly people accustom themselves to new inventions. Many however did not and some rarely left the village throughout their lifetime.

The young man, striding purposefully up the road followed the farmer and could be seen walking round the corner opposite the only other Public House in the village and down the hill toward the station.

It was past midday and a heat haze rose from the roof of the station buildings as he climbed the bridge, before descending back to the road leading south out of the village. The hay wagon had turned alongside the railway line and the farmer had proffered a feed bag to his horse while he waited for help to unload the cart in the small railway yard.

Arthur Crocker, for that was the young man's name, did not falter as he headed away from the last few houses on the outskirts of the village and onward into the lightly wooded road which led eventually to Woolchester. Arthur was used to walking as were most of his generation. It usually took him about an hour to walk from his home in St Loys to meet his friends in Penstone but this afternoon he was in no particular hurry to return to his lodgings. Crossing the tracks he left the village pausing for a moment to watch the children playing in the yard of the National School which occupied two cottages on the left

hand side of the road. The boys in their long flannel shorts held no real interest for him but he loved watching the pretty little girls in their calf length white muslin dresses, all frills around the hem and smocking on their flat chests. One or two of the older girls were just starting to show signs of imminent womanhood and their small breasts filled out the bodice of their dresses wonderfully.

With the after effects of several pints of Porter filling him with a pleasantly euphoric feeling Arthur leaned against a five bar gate across the road and savoured the sight of three especially sweet little ladies skipping rope while singing in their high pitched giggly voices

*One, two, three, my mother caught a flea,
She put it in the teapot and made a cup of tea,
The flea jumped out,
My mother gave a shout,
And in came a bobby with his shirt hanging out.*

Two of the girls were holding the end of the skipping rope while the third, the smallest of the three was skipping in time to the rhyme which they were all singing. What excited Arthur most was the fact that she had tucked her long skirt up such that her pale white legs were revealed in all their glory. With each turn of the rope she bounced off the playground and as she did so Arthur witnessed her ribbon trimmed knickerbockers which clad her thighs almost down to her knees. The song changed to a slightly slower one and Arthur felt his manhood growing within his trousers as the little girls continued their skipping.

The game stopped for a moment while the other two clutched the hem of their skirts and followed suit by tucking them up. The one in the middle at the moment had been overly enthusiastic when doing this and Arthur could see more than just the legs of her undergarment and his member throbbed in response. The girls were taking it in turns to be the one skipping while two of them sang the song to the other. Each of them taking a line in the last verse so that they effectively became participants in the song.

*There came a Duke a riding... a riding... a riding...
There came a Duke a riding
tissem a tassem a teaser*

*What are you riding here for... here for... here for
what are you riding here for
tissem a tassem a teaser*

*I'm riding here to marry Susan
who are you going to marry Louisa
I'm going to marry Tommy*

The next turn and the names changed until the littlest girl, the one Arthur found so attractive was in the middle and as she sang the third verse Arthur could hardly control himself especially as he listened to the variant to the last verse where the names were changed to reflect the involvement of the pretty little girl now lifting her legs and skipping..

There came a Duke a riding... a riding... a riding...

... ..

What are you riding here for... here for... here for

... ..

*I'm riding here to marry Louisa
who are you going to marry Mary
I'm going to marry Arthur*

As she finished the rhyme she looked across at the man leaning against the gate and smiled beguilingly. Arthur's heart melted but there was a part of him which did not. He visualised himself as the Arthur in the rhyme who would be marrying the sweet little Mary and the idea stirred unexpected but delightful desires within him. 'This would not do', he thought to himself while he fought desperately to regain his composure. It wasn't working however and the more she smiled at him the more he enjoyed the sensations her innocence was engendering in his loins.

Suddenly a bell started ringing as a stern looking female appeared in the doorway and ushered the noisy gathering of youngsters around her skirts like chicks around a mother hen.

"Line up children" she barked at them and holding the bell clapper with one hand she waited for them to form up in two straight lines in front of her.

"Girls on the right and boys on the left. You know what is expected by now." She said firmly.

Mary was frantically trying to recover her dignity and unfurling her long cotton skirt from its former position half way up her thighs. Arthur waited until the pleasant view of her linen had disappeared and the school children had marched back indoors before he pulled himself together. Straightened his genitals and carried on walking down Penn Lane out into the countryside where the road was bounded on both sides by hedges reaching up to shoulder height. He could see sheep in the meadow on his right and at the field boundary a large area of woodland with a pathway disappearing into the darkness of the wood.

What the heck. Arthur thought. I have nothing to rush home for and it is such a lovely day why don't I go back through the woods instead of using the road? He had never been that way before but he felt sure there must be a way through which would rejoin his usual route on the other side. He walked a little further until he came to a gateway into the sheep pasture. He opened the gate and then carefully closing it behind him to make sure none of the small flock escaped onto the road he set off along the faint path across the field.

Arthur had lived in the area around St Loy for all of his twenty three years and since starting work he regularly walked the few miles to Penstone to meet up with some of his colleagues and old school friends for a pint or two of ale. This was the first time however that he had deviated from the normal route home along Harts Lane and past Honeylands House before arriving at East Wanford and his lodgings in Fore Street. He was surprised at how he could have failed to notice this pathway before.

The woodland hemmed him in on all sides and the occasional twig brushed his legs as he progressed. After a few hundred yards through an area of deciduous woodland comprising mainly Oak with a few Elm and Ash trees the path grew wider until it opened out onto an area of greensward with a small cottage on the other side. If this had been a fable the house would have been made of gingerbread and Hansel and Gretel would have been walking up the path.

As it was it was Arthur who approached from the darkness of the woods when the front door opened and a young woman of about the same age as himself emerged with a laundry basket resting on her left hip. She was petite with blonde hair pinned up on top of her head but with a few strands which had come free framing her face. She was a pretty little thing with a small high bosom encased in a white blouse while lower down her slender hips swayed provocatively as she walked across the grass to the washing line. Arthur did not think she had seen him as he came out of the gloomy woods into the clearing where the sun still beat down. He paused and watched as the girl lowered the basket to the floor bending forward as she did so. Her buttocks were boyish and pert and what could be seen of her ankles beneath the hem of her skirt only served to attract Arthur's gaze.

Walking as quietly as possible so as to not startle her Arthur moved closer. He didn't take his eyes off her as he approached. She was a delightful sight and the sun seemed to make her thin blouse almost transparent. He could just make out the rise of her small pert breasts as she turned to remove a sheet from the line and raised her arms. He realised he should announce his presence before getting too close so he engineered a soft low cough.

"I wondered how long it would be before you made yourself known." The girl said turning to face the new arrival. She folded the sheet and placed it carefully in the basket.

Arthur looked her up and down marvelling at how slim and beautiful she was.

"Yes erm No, I mean" He stuttered before eventually calming down. "I'm sorry if I startled you."

"You didn't but we don't get many passers-by in the woods."

"I never knew there was anybody living this far out of the village." Arthur continued while his eyes rested on the neckline of her blouse and the pale flesh of her neck. "You said 'we', is that you and your parents?" He lifted his head and looked around to see if there was anybody else nearby. The girl had turned her back on him and was continuing to take down the linen.

"Would you help me fold the sheets please?" she asked. "No, it's just me and my daughter Mary."

"Your daughter? But you can't have a daughter."

Arthur took hold of the other end of the sheet she was holding out to him and between them they folded it and put it in the basket.

"Why ever not?" she asked laughing. "I'm twenty three, plenty old enough."

"So is the baby inside the cottage?" Arthur asked.

"She's at school in the village. Mary is nearly ten now. But we don't need to talk about her do we? You look a bit warm would you like to come in for some water?"

"Do you always invite strangers into your home before you know them?" He replied. "That isn't a good idea usually especially when you live in such an isolated place."

"You need not worry Sir, I am quite capable of taking care of myself and anyway, most people are good. I've never come to any harm."

She picked up the basket now full to overflowing with crisp white linen and led the way into the small cottage.

It was cosy to say the least and the front door led directly into the kitchen which held little more than a table and chairs. To the right was a stone sink with no taps. Arthur realised that living out here in the woods many of the amenities he was used to, like gaslight and running water would not be available to the girl and her child. Presumably there was a well somewhere near to the building which allowed her to collect water. There must be something after all she had managed to do the washing this morning. Arthur realised he was just being silly, a lot of households did not have what he was used to, especially out of the towns.

At the other side of the room there was a large pot of water heating on the blackened stove.

"May I?" he asked as the girl put the basket down and gesticulated for him to sit.

"Of course." She fetched a pitcher of water and two mugs before pouring him a drink. Arthur pulled a rush backed chair out from the table and unbuttoning his coat sat facing the young woman while he took the mug from her and swigged the cool water.

"So your husband is at work? Sorry I did not introduce myself. My name is Arthur, Arthur Crocker." He held out his hand and the young woman took it. Her fingers in spite of being clearly those of somebody who was used to hard work were surprisingly soft and gentle. As he took her hand without realising what he was doing he gently squeezed it.

"No husband, sorry." She replied. "My name is Clara by the way."

"I am sorry, so how do you, you know."

"It isn't easy without a man around but Mary and I manage."

Arthur looked up from her hand and into her eyes which were two pools of deep brown. They seemed to smile and he thought they were inviting him to more than a mug of water.

"Mary's father died of TB soon after she was born. He used to be a forester and did odd jobs around the village to make some extra money when we needed it."

"But you must have been very young when he died how do you survive?"

"I think you know the answer to that Sir." She said and a slight deepening in colour spread over her face. "There are always men who are willing to help a young woman in her hour of need. We don't go hungry and I always manage to make sure Mary is clean and neat when she goes into the school."

The conversation went on for some time with Arthur gradually extracting more and more of Clara's history. He realised now that he had stumbled upon someone who by necessity was prepared to be accommodating to strangers, especially men.

Apparently she had grown up in a hamlet on the other side of Woolchester until she reached the age of thirteen when her father had been in a farming accident. He was just a farm hand and had been working with the other men on gathering the harvest and feeding the corn through the threshing machine when his sleeve caught in the belt and he was dragged into the machine which trapped his arm. He wasn't killed but the incident meant he lost the use of his right hand and was unable to work on the farm. His family became reliant on the help of friends and neighbours and as there were five children of whom Clara was the oldest her mother found it hard to cope. She decided life would be easier if she had less mouths to feed and for that reason Clara did as she was told and came to live with Joseph near Penstone. Joseph had grown up in the woods and had lived in this cottage all of his life. He was a lot older than Clara and had lost his wife a few years earlier. Joseph was in his late fifties when Clara came to live in his cottage and he was more than happy to take the youngster in and for her to do the housework while he worked in the woods. When Arthur heard how much older Joseph was than Clara he felt sorry for the girl. Surely it could not have been pleasant satisfying the needs of an older man.

At first Clara had been just a housekeeper for the old man but it was not long before he made his way into her bed and she began to provide other services for him. Clara was a pragmatist, she knew that she needed to eat to live and if allowing an old man to fuck her whenever he wished was going to put food in her mouth then she was not one to demur. She had spent her young life in a tiny cottage where she had seen her mother and father making love regularly. Rural homes did not offer much in the way of privacy and as all the family slept in the same room she was party to the act of lovemaking which she had witnessed ever since she could remember. In fact when her mother was unwell or on her monthlies Clara had experienced what her father needed and so when Joseph entered her bed for the first time she knew what he wanted and was realistic enough to know that it made sense to let him have his way with her. After all Joseph was old and it didn't take much to keep him happy. Her father had been much more demanding. Yes Joseph was her first proper lover but in spite of his age he was very considerate to her needs. He was not rough with her, in fact she rather enjoyed being properly introduced to the world of adult pleasures with him. It felt more acceptable than when her father had penetrated her from the age of nine or ten and after all what harm could come of it. She assumed that her younger sisters would be looking after their father now she was no longer there to receive his advances.

She was to find out soon enough however how hard life could be as a young mother, falling pregnant within a month or two of sharing her bed with the old man. Still only fourteen she very quickly became an adult. She had grown up in a small cottage which had gradually filled up over time with children and being the oldest she had helped her mother care for all her siblings. Having a child of her own was no more difficult although giving birth was painful. Joseph had brought a woman from the village to help out when her time came but then she was on her own to look after the house and bring up her daughter.

When Joseph succumbed to Tuberculosis she was still only just fifteen and Mary a good little girl of almost two. Without a man to look after her she fell upon very hard times but eventually she realised that it would be possible to survive if she was a little generous with her favours.

Not many people passed the cottage but one or two men on their way to and from the village would slip her a few coins in return for the pleasure of her young body. Over time word spread and she received more regular visitors who would make their way into the woods seeking the comfort of her arms and the secret place between her legs. Clara was not a stupid girl and very quickly she realised the value of what nestled between her thighs and the gratuities that were left on the small table next to her pillow increased to a level where she no longer had to worry about where her next meal was coming from. The first few men who shared her bed were random but the more she got used to spreading her legs to accommodate their needs the more selective she became in her bed companions.

Mary grew into a very pretty child and when she reached the age of five she was enrolled in the National School in the village which was by then mandatory for all children aged five to ten. Clara had never learned to read and write and she was determined that her daughter would not suffer the same fate. Fortunately she was a quick learner and by the time she was eight years old she was bringing some books home from the school and introducing her mother to the wonderful world of literacy.

"Would you care for some tea Arthur? I have a caraway seed cake and can put the kettle on if you would care for some." Clara was obviously enjoying recounting her history to the attractive young stranger and Arthur was also taking pleasure in hearing her talk.

"That would be lovely, thank you." He replied.

It was a new experience for Arthur to be sitting in the kitchen of what was effectively the village harlot but he surprised himself by not thinking of her as such. She was in his eyes just a very lovely girl who had taken the only available route away from penury. Clara put the kettle on top of the stove and after a while once it had started to whistle loudly she warmed a teapot and adding two spoons of leaves poured the hot water from the kettle onto them and left it too steep for a few minutes before taking the mug from Arthur and adding her own alongside it on the table.

"Do you want milk?" she asked.

"Yes please Clara, and sugar if you have some."

"Of course I do, my gentlemen insist on something sweet."

She stood beside him while she prepared the two mugs of tea. She was close enough that he could smell the slightly musty scent from her dress and felt the heat of her body radiating towards him. Arthur so wanted to reach out and touch her but he did not feel that he should in spite of what she had told him about her life. He could feel the stirrings in his trousers which had assailed him while watching the little playmates at the village school and in spite of himself he could not prevent his arm reaching out to encircle her slender waist and draw her body towards him. Clara turned to face him and she too reached out a hand towards him until her fingers stroked gently down his face and smoothed his neatly trimmed beard.

“Are... are you... I mean could we?”

Arthur had never been tongue tied with women but right now he was in an alien situation. He had never paid for sex but his desire for the beautiful girl in front of him was such that he had no choice.

“If that’s what you want then of course we can.”

Clara took her hand away from Arthur’s face. Reaching down and taking hold of her skirts she lifted them until the hem was above her knees. Arthur swivelled around in his seat so that Clara’s legs were between his knees. He reached forward with his other hand and first touching her knee slid it round behind her leg and slowly up the back of her naked thigh. All thought of the mug of tea which was quickly going cold on the table left him. Arthur’s hand had reached the soft middle part of her thigh and did not stop there. He kept moving it upwards until it reached the downward curve of her buttocks. He realised that it was not just her thighs that were naked under the voluminous folds of her skirt. It was not unusual for women and girls at this time to forsake the wearing of undergarments. Partly due to the cost of what was seen as a slightly unnecessary item and partly for hygiene reasons. Without the constant hot water we are used to these days the less washing that was needed the easier life might be. It is worth mentioning that the curse of the effect of the moon on the female body also made underwear inconvenient. No tampons for the Victorian girl.

“Not here Arthur. Come with me” So saying Clara took his hand and then led him like a dog on a lead through from the sparsely furnished kitchen into an even smaller bedroom.

There was one window on the back wall but as this looked out on to the surrounding trees the amount of light it let in was minimal. Against the left hand wall was a double bed and under the window a smaller bed apparently for a child. The remaining wall was filled by a washstand with a bowl and pitcher and beside them an oil lamp. Arthur noticed how in spite of the Spartan furnishings the beds had both been carefully made and the linens on both beds were spotless. He assumed the small bed belonged to Mary and the larger would be Clara’s.

“Sit yourself down Arthur.” Clara said indicating a chair beside the washstand. He did as requested while Clara moved over to the bed and turned down the covers. She next began to disrobe while Arthur sat transfixed, his hand gently stroking himself as his cock firmed up inside his trousers.

Clara slowly unfastened the several small buttons on the front of her cotton blouse before opening it to reveal her small pert breasts each surmounted by a tiny firm nipple rising above pale brown areolas. Her nipples were clearly those of a woman who had birthed a child but her breasts were still firm and seemed to point slightly upwards unlike the drooping breasts that might have been expected of somebody who had suckled a child. Once she had unbuttoned her blouse she took hold of each side and lifting and pulling gently she freed her arms and dropped the thin garment on the bed. Her attention now turned to her full length skirt which she unfastened and dropping it to the floor stepped out of it. As Arthur had discovered when he had caressed her legs there was nothing more to remove. Clara stood before him in all her nubile glory. Slender legs rose from within the tumbled skirt which still hugged her ankles. As his eyes moved up Arthur saw her standing one knee slightly bent and leaning against her other leg. Her thighs were achingly slim and a gap between them gave way to the soft folds of her cunt which disappeared between her legs surmounted by a fairly thin bush of hair where her pubic mound jutted forward above her cleft. Her pubes were soft and curly but not as dark as he had expected. He

could just make out drops of moisture clinging to the lower hairs which failed to conceal her sweet femininity. Distracted by such a pretty sight Arthur had to force himself to look higher but the effort was worth it. He gazed in awe at the girl's firm smooth stomach which showed no sign of having been the nine month home to another being. Her tummy button was sunken and her waist was slender topped by those beautiful sweet little breasts.

He yearned to touch them, to nestle his face between them, to suckle at her teats and he realised that his hand was vigorously massaging his penis through the dark serge of his trousers. He knew that Clara was watching but then it wasn't anything new for her.

Clara stood like a statue for several minutes letting the young man feast on her wonders before she stepped out of her skirt and crossed the short distance from bed to chair.

She eased her legs between Arthur's knees and crouching down in front of him she took hold of his cravat and untying the bow she loosened it and once it was free she located the collar stud and unclipped the stiff starched wing collar from his shirt. Arthur just sat with his legs apart and this lovely little goddess between them as she removed his collar swiftly followed by his jacket and shirt. He amused himself by staring at her breasts as she undressed him and he kept his hand on his crotch squeezing his hard member which was now almost painful in its desire to be released and to rise into the cool air of the cottage.

Arthur fumbled at his fly but Clara brushed his hands aside and turned her attention to the buttons holding his waistband closed. Once these were freed she commenced unbuttoning his fly until she was able to turn back both sides of the opening allowing his penis to escape its enforced imprisonment. The slit in the front of his undergarment parted and it was a matter of moments before Clara had extricated his uncircumcised penis. She had been staring at the youth's face all the while enjoying the look of lust that suffused his gentle features. Arthur's beard hid his facial expressions to some extent but his eyes could not hide the desire he was feeling. Clara took his aching penis in her hand, her slender fingers wrapping around the shaft as she lowered her eyes to see what her hands had found. She was pleased to see that his foreskin was long and almost covered the fullness of his cock head. Not completely now he was fully erect. She could see the little eye on the end with just a hint of a dewdrop.

Clara tightened her grip and pulled her hand down the shaft exposing the livid purple head. She lowered her face towards it until she was able to slip Arthur's cock between her lips and let her tongue move gently over the head savouring the salty sweet taste of his manhood. She sucked and licked Arthur's penis until she sensed that he was nearing orgasm and then with the expert judgment of a woman who had spent many hours on her back she lifted her head and stood up. Taking his hands in hers she helped Arthur stand until he towered over her. He was not particularly tall but naked as she was she seemed so soft and vulnerable as she leaned her head against his chest. Clara slipped her hands inside the back of his trousers and pulling gently she lifted them over his buttocks and with a quick wriggle he had dropped them and his undergarment and they were now both naked.

Arthur was in a daze partly attributable to the drinks he had imbibed earlier but mostly it was the heady aroma of sex being exuded by his pretty young companion. The last thing he had expected when he left the Inn was to be in this position right now. The couple moved to the bed and with no words spoken Arthur lifted Clara and placed her on top of the pristine white sheets. She lay on her back her legs parted, the triangle of her pubic hair pointing down between her legs to the wet lips of her pussy which had opened like a flower waiting for something to pollinate her. Her cunt hair overflowed slightly on to

the top of her thighs. Shaving had clearly not entered her mind although putting a cut throat razor near those pretty lips seems a bit risky. Right now Arthur had forgotten she was an easy woman. All he thought was that he was going to be the one to satisfy her craving for sex and he climbed on top lowering his body on to hers but taking his weight on his elbows so as not to crush the young woman beneath him. He gave no thought to whether he would have to find some coins once his lust had been satisfied. He was lost in the moment. Clara bent her knees and let them fall apart opening her cunt to the hard rod of flesh that was making its way towards her body. Arthur was desperate to get inside her belly now and without delaying as soon as the head of his penis touched her outer labia he thrust his hips forward and felt the delightful wetness of her vulva and the entrance to her vagina parting in front of him as he buried his cock deep, deep inside her feminine cave. His entry was swift and easy but now he was inside her vagina her muscles spasmed and he felt his penis being held in a tight velvet glove-like grip.

Clara felt him arrive, she felt the head stretching her inner lips apart. She tensed slightly as her vagina accustomed itself to yet another male member. The head of his penis contacted her cervix which was all that stopped him bursting through into her womb. This one she wanted inside her unlike some that had made their way into her open cunt. Not all the men she had entertained in her bed were as attractive as Arthur and at the moment of penetration she almost forgot that this was what she did for a living. She resolved in the moment before her orgasm hit that she would not make him pay for his pleasure. Indeed her mind momentarily pondered whether she would be able to get him to return. It was almost as though the penis inside her was that of a boyfriend or lover rather than a random passer-by who had just happened on her cottage amongst the oaks.

Clara lay back her legs apart her knees gripping Arthurs hips as he paused, then withdrew, then thrust back balls deep into her hot wet tunnel. Her body shook as his thrusting grew more and more frenetic until she felt the tightening in his shaft and the tension in his body which indicated his imminent orgasm. She clenched and released her pelvic floor muscles milking Arthur's cock but at the same time bringing her closer to orgasm. Reaching between his legs she cupped his testicles in her hand and as he pushed himself forward she gently squeezed and Arthur lost control squirting his seed deep in her womb. At the same time she felt the waves of climax wash up from the focus between her legs where their sex joined and up, up until her whole body tingled. Backwards and forwards Arthur maintained the motion necessary to give himself the utmost pleasure until the last drops of his semen had left him and were now coating the walls of her vagina. He hadn't relieved himself for several days and produced a load too much to be contained without leaking out around his shaft and dripping over the lips of Clara's still tight pussy. Arthur would have lain with his penis inside Clara's cunt until it went flaccid and removed itself but the girl was more realistic about the problems associated with sex and pushing Arthur off she extricated herself from underneath his body and climbed off the bed. Her orgasm which had hit so fast vanished as quickly. She knew what must be done without delay and paid no regard to the feelings of her shrinking stallion.

Clara went across to the washstand and produced a bulbous implement from beneath it which she quickly filled with water from the pitcher before placing the bowl on the floor and then squatting above it proceeded to insert what looked vaguely like a turkey baster into her vagina. A few quick squirts from the bulb and then a refill from the pitcher and she had douched away the remnants of Arthur's seminal explosion. This was the part of lovemaking she enjoyed the least. Luke warm water jetted up inside was not pleasant. Summertime sex was however better than when she had to douche with ice cold water when the seasons had turned wintry. Whether this was always successful in preventing pregnancy she

did not know but Clara took no chances. She had one lovely daughter and was not going to increase the size of her family if at all possible. So far she had kept at bay the threat of another child.

Meanwhile Arthur, who was recovering pleasantly from his exertions, lay back on the bed on his side watching Clara perform her ablutions. This was another new experience for him to add to that of having his first prostitute. He watched enthralled as Clara, her legs akimbo pushed the douche up inside her cunt. Her outer lips held it firmly in place and as she squeezed the bulb on the end he saw the small torrent flow down from her inner depths and into the bowl between her thighs. After two or three insertions and removals she cleaned herself off by using her fingers and running them over her labia and then pushing them inside her vulva to make sure all trace of possible impregnation had been removed.

The sight was starting to get Arthur hard again so he decided he should get up and get dressed before he needed to repeat the previous activities. He was not sure his finances would support a second fuck today. Arthur wanted to get up but he was transfixed. It wasn't every day he had the opportunity to study the female anatomy in such detail and surprisingly Clara did not seem to mind that he was watching her. None of the young ladies of his acquaintance would contemplate allowing him to discover the secrets of their bed and bath. His mind wandered back a few years however to the time when his sisters had been small and he as the younger brother had shared bath time with them. He realised that was the last time he had enjoyed the sight of what lived between a girls legs in such detail. When he had been fortunate enough to find one willing to let him satisfy his lusts it had always been without seeing where he went. Arthur realised now how pretty female genitalia could be and he wanted so much to get closer to worship at the font of life. But not today.

"Well then Mr Arthur, did you enjoy fucking me?" she smiled while her fingers parted her labia and teased the bud of her clitoris.

"More than anything." He replied. "I did not expect my day to progress in such a delightful manner."

"Will you come back and see me again?" she continued.

"If I can afford the pleasure most certainly."

"I think we can discuss money some other time. A girl does like to have her own pleasures as well you know and most of my men visitors are no pleasure at all."

She finished rinsing herself and taking a wash cloth from the stand she parted her lips again and dried herself off before standing and recovering her clothing from the floor and bed where they had been dropped.

"Here you are Arthur you should get dressed before my Mary gets home from school." Clara handed him his clothes and he quickly dressed himself. He did however allow her to tie his cravat for him.

"Oh of course I'm sorry I had completely forgotten about your daughter." To be honest from the moment his eyes feasted on her delights he had not thought of anything except his own lustful desires.

"I can never forget about her she is the light of my life I wish you could meet her you would love her I am sure."

"I am certain if she is as lovely as her mother then I would."

"Can you stay until she arrives? She will be here within the hour unless she decides to stop on the way to pick wild flowers. She loves flowers. Mary is a treasure I do not know what I would do without her now."

"I really should get going Clara I am expected in St Loys very soon. Perhaps I might call again?"

"You are welcome any time Arthur. I hope you will come when Mary is here so you will see how wonderful she is."

"Perhaps at the weekend or might you be entertaining?"

"I may need to be assisted with a florin or two on occasion but I am no slut. Shall we agree to Sunday after church? Maybe I could offer you some dinner. I will make sure nobody else will be here and we can have a nice time together, the three of us."

"That would be delightful. Now how much do I have to give you for today?"

"How dare you Arthur. I don't want money from you. Please do not insult me. I enjoyed fucking you and you didn't come here with paying for me in your mind. It is some time since I have enjoyed lovemaking so much."

"I am honoured Clara but I am nothing out of the ordinary way of things. From the moment I saw you in the garden and long before you told me your story I desired you. But perhaps the more so as I had already been excited on the way here."

"Really what could possibly have got you so excited, there is nothing much after the Heart of Oak. There is the other alehouse and the railway and then just one or two cottages. Oh and the school of course."

Arthur suddenly realised that perhaps he had said too much.

"You can't mean... Surely not a nice young man like yourself lusting after little girls"

Arthur felt himself colouring up as Clara probed him for more details.

"You do... I would not have thought you were the sort of man who got excited by such like. Although to be fair it seems most men can have their heads turned by even the youngest of maidens"

"I'm sorry, I think it was the drink and the heat of the day which made me too relaxed and they were really pretty little things."

"Well I suppose you are going to have to tell me more now. I'm not sure I should let you visit again if you are turned on by schoolgirls. After all that is where my Mary goes for her lessons. I have so far managed to protect her from the vile advances of some of the Gentry. You would be surprised how many men would pay to sample her charms."

Arthur was actually not at all surprised. He knew the attraction of young girls and although he had never experienced it himself he knew many of his friends had dallied in the hay with the daughters of their servants. Something was dawning on Arthur now. He wondered whether it was possible. No it could not be but he needed to find out.

"Does your Mary have any special friends at school?" He asked.

"What a strange question Arthur. Well there are a few girls her age but she does like to play with Susan and Louisa mostly. Why?"

"I'm sorry Clara but it must have been Mary who got me excited. There were three girls playing skipping games and she had such pretty little legs. I could not help myself. I paused opposite the school yard while they skipped and laughed. Three little Angels but the smallest was the prettiest. I guess Sunday is not going to happen now then."

"My Mary is smaller than her friends but they are a little older than she is. I imagine it might well have been she who you saw. "

Clara looked at Arthur and remembered when she had been introduced to adult games by her father. He was no pretty young man but a boorish drunken lustful person who only wanted her in the absence of her mother. How much kinder it would be to allow Mary to learn about life with her help. After all this young man was sweet and she now knew that he would almost certainly treat her Mary with respect.

"Let's see what happens shall we?" Clara said and coming over to Arthur she kissed him softly on the mouth.

He was uncertain of himself again but putting his arms around Clara he returned her kiss more passionately. He could feel her soft breasts against his chest as he enfolded her in his arms.

"Until the weekend then. I look forward to seeing Mary as well."

With that he bid her farewell and leaving the cottage he strode off into the woods. Looking back over his shoulder as the trees swallowed him up he saw Clara waving in the distance. Surely he thought she would not entertain him having desires for Mary as well as herself, but who could tell. Anyway he thought it would be delightful to visit Clara again and the possibility of there being two pretty girls to pleasure was undeniably tempting. With a spring in his step he was soon out on the road again and he turned West towards St Loy and his humble lodgings. He could not stop a wide smile spreading across his face at the thought of what Sunday might have to offer.

CHAPTER 2 - THE ROYAL OAK

The rest of his walk home was uneventful. Arthur came out of the woods on Harts Lane near to Pilton House. The hedgerows grew up each side of the narrow lane above head height so he could not see into the surrounding fields. He felt quite alone as he strolled onwards but the events of the last hour rolled round and around in his mind. Who would have thought that a regular lunchtime spent imbibing with friends would have turned in such a direction. On the left hand side of the lane deep beds of nettles shrouded the bank while on the right a hawthorn hedge rose up into the late afternoon sky.

He came soon to a junction where another lane approached from the right and a large Hazel tree lifted its head towards the few fluffy clouds. He knew from experience that this path was the entrance to Pilton House the home of the Honourable Rodney Haverstock one of the fellows he had been drinking with earlier. He wondered whether Rodney had ever made that walk through the woods. Was it possible that he too had sampled the delights of Clara's bed? Had Arthur's penis followed the same path that Arthur's had. He hoped not. It may be foolish to hope that he alone had discovered the secret love nest when he knew that Clara eked out an existence servicing the local yeomanry and probably the gentry as well.

Further down Harts Lane the track turned south and he skirted round the walls behind which could be seen the imposing edifice of Honeylands House. The path grew no wider but the hedgerows had been cleared to a large extent here and Arthur could make out a mile or so in the distance away to his right the backs of houses on Fore Street. He struck off with more haste now as the clouds were starting to build up and he did not wish to be caught out by a rain storm.

Another half an hour of brisk walking and he was at the Royal Oak and beside it the three storey house in which he rented rooms on the second floor. Arthur pulled out his pocket watch and on discovering that it was later than he thought he decided to visit the Royal Oak before taking the stairs up to his lodgings.

The public house was thatched, one of the few properties in St Loy to have retained this feature. Most property owners on Fore Street were replacing thatch with slate when it needed repair. This was not a popular move with the local thatcher's but one dictated by financial considerations.

Opening the front door Arthur entered through the low doorway into the bar which was beamed and half panelled. The landlord was almost alone behind the bar. There were just two aged farm workers seated in one corner each nursing a pint of scrumpy. Arthur called for a jug of porter and settled himself at the end of the bar. On enquiring of the publican he discovered he could partake of a suet meat pudding and vegetables, probably carrots and turnips. He was hungry so he ordered the meal and a hunk of bread to accompany it.

The mumbled conversation of the two old men was just too low for him to make out what they were saying but he imagined it would be of little interest even were he able to hear them properly. While he waited for his meal to arrive he ran over in his mind events earlier in the day. Not what might have been expected when he set out this morning. The pleasures in the cottage however had provided a delightful

and satisfying interlude. His thoughts turned to a conversation he had enjoyed with Rodney Haverstock in the Heart of Oak.

Arthur was not a wealthy young man but he did have a small income which was the result of the demise of an elderly relative when he was seventeen years old. This had been held in Trust until he reached majority and was being released gradually each year. It meant that unlike most of his contemporaries he was not forced to work but had sufficient to meet his needs. He had just reached his twenty third year and the final sum had been transferred to his banker in Woolchester. Because of this he was looking for a safe place to invest the money which would offer a suitable return to enable him to carry on the life he had enjoyed for the last few years.

Rodney in spite of being heir to a large estate was none the less short of ready money and had proposed a venture which looked to offer a regular income without having to forego the dissolute life he was used to. He had today offered Arthur the opportunity to join him by investing in the plan. At first Arthur had been uncertain but the more he thought about it the more acceptable the suggestion became. He determined to return to Penstone on the morrow to finalise the details with Rodney.

Lowering his tankard having drunk half the Porter he looked up to see the landlord's daughter Sophia entering the bar bearing a plate whereon was set a steaming pudding and a healthy mound of mashed swede and several carrots all smothered in a thick meaty gravy. Arthur had always enjoyed looking at Sophia who was a nimble fourteen year old but with breasts which belied her age. Against her father's wishes she invariably wore a low cut bodice which allowed the firm peaches to overflow. The lacings of her blouse she kept tighter than was necessary and when bending to deliver food and drinks to the patrons of the Royal Oak she gave them many pleasurable moments. In spite of her father's disapproval this had actually helped to increase his profits so his criticism was somewhat mollified.

"Good Day Sir," she said as she put Arthur's food in front of him. "I'm sorry I forgot your bread. I shall just return to the kitchen and fetch it."

So saying she spun on her heel and hurried back to fetch it. In a moment she had returned with a small wooden trencher on which sat a large chunk of heavy bread. She set this beside the other plate.

"Thank you Sophia. How are you today?" Arthur asked as she leaned over him while placing a knife and fork beside the trencher.

He could smell the kitchen on the young girl. A light smoky odour gained from working in the vicinity of a wood burning stove.

"That looks delicious did you make it or was it your mother?" He indicated the pudding which awaited the onslaught of his cutlery.

"Mother made the pudding Sir but I did the vegetables. She says I is no good to cook proper food yet. Mind how I is gonna get to larn if she don teach I tis anyone's guess."

Arthur loved her accent and the way she tried so hard to be helpful all the time.

"I'm sure she will let you do the difficult cooking soon after all you're a big girl now."

As he spoke he could not fail to notice her heaving breasts only inches away from his face. She was definitely a big girl and it was difficult not to notice. Her pale pink skin swelled out of her bodice temptingly. However not temptingly enough for Arthur. He had never been particularly attracted to the overtly feminine woman much preferring girls with small bosoms. Just like Clara's. That did not stop him flirting with the girl though which was something he did whenever he dined or drank at the Inn.

"How's that young man of yours Sophia, has he proposed to you yet."

"Proposed? My Lord he be only the same age as I. Plenty time for marriage and such like nonsense. Anyways father needs I to help out here. No way he would let me go get married. Leastwise not unless twere some young gentleman like yourself. I reckons he'd make an exception if you was to ask for my hand."

"I'm sorry Sophia, much as I would love to wed and bed you I have no plans in that direction right now."

Arthur looked across to the large man behind the ale barrels who was smiling as the banter between his daughter and the good looking young man drew to a close.

"And you're father is bigger than me I would hate to get on the wrong side of him."

"Don't ee worry about father I can handle him." Sophia leaned in close and whispered in Arthur's ear. "If ee ever wants to play with I just let us know. No need for wedding talk neither."

He was aware of the warmth as her thigh rubbed against his arm.

"Thank you Sophia." He whispered back. "You are still a bit young for me."

Arthur thought her age was actually not a barrier to his advances. If she was less buxom he might have accepted her offer. After all who would turn down a warm bed mate but he liked to consider the well bred gentleman would have respect for the virtue of girl of Sophia's age. He knew that all his drinking companions would have no qualms when it came to taking the maidenhead of girls who had not yet attained the legal age and would be only too willing to slip inside her love tube without a second thought. As for her being too young he knew that was an outright falsehood. Even though the law had only recently raised the normal age of consent to thirteen it was not uncommon for girls as young as ten to still be subjected to the advances of men and for the law to turn a blind eye.

"Oh well tis a pity to be sure but enjoy your meal Sir."

With that she turned away and went back to the kitchen leaving Arthur to eat his dinner in peace. He had to admit, once he had consumed the whole plateful and mopped up the last of the gravy with his bread, that the food in the Royal Oak was as tasty as any he had eaten anywhere.

As the light inside began to fade Arthur drank the remnants of the Porter before saying a cheery farewell to the landlord and leaving for home.

As has been mentioned Arthur lodged in the building next door to the public house on the second floor. In the rooms below him was the family who owned the house. A woman in her thirties and her three

children, a boy of fourteen and two girls aged eight and six. There was no male head of household, Arthur had not discovered what became of him but he did not think he had died. Whatever the cause of his absence it made no matter, the mother managed well without him. On the top floor of the house was a professional man who worked as a Law Clerk in Woolchester and kept himself very much to himself. Arthur was fairly self sufficient except when it came to the important things in home life, laundry and food. For this he was pleased that his landlady helped out and made sure that he always had clean clothes and a meal whenever he wanted it. He did however try to eat away from home most days so as not to inconvenience the poor soul.

A few words to set the scene of his day to day existence may be helpful to the reader. The rooms were plain but comfortable. He had a parlour where he would sit and read by the window until the light faded and then he had the benefit of gas lighting. Not all houses in the street were this well appointed, a lot still relied on oil lamps. At the back of the house was his bed chamber which held a good sized bed and being a fair sized room towards the window which looked out across the fields back the way Arthur had walked home there was a table and two chairs. As the window faced almost North he would sometimes sit at this table in the mornings to get the best of the light. It was pleasant to listen to the greenfinches and sparrows chattering to each other in the trees which separated the small back garden from the meadow behind.

Arthur let himself into his rooms and there we will leave him for the time being. He had enjoyed an unexpectedly stimulating day and the future looked rosy at the moment. He went to sleep that night relaxed and strangely aroused by the memory of Clara's warm body against his own. The visions crossing his mind however before he finally went to sleep his hardened penis gripped comfortably in his hand was of three little girls giggling and singing and skipping.

*One, two, three, my mother caught a flea,
She put it in the teapot and made a cup of tea,
The flea jumped out,
My mother gave a shout,
And in came a bobby with his shirt hanging out.*

His last recollection as he drifted off into a deep sleep was of the warm wet pleasure of Clara's cunt enveloping his cock while Mary's crisp lace trimmed knicker atop thin legs skipped up and down in front of his closed eyes.

CHAPTER 3 – THE PROPOSITION

Sunday morning dawned clear and warm in St Loy.

Arthur Crocker turned over in his bed. Throwing back the covers and putting his feet on the floor he felt the cold linoleum against his toes. He stood and walked over to the window which he had left ajar when he went to sleep the previous night. The birds were chirruping in the bushes and trees below the open window. Arthur unhooked the metal stay and threw the window wide to let in the cooling breeze. He was wearing the nightshirt which was his habitual attire at night except at the height of summer when he discarded it and slept naked. The breeze through the open window rustled the skirts of the long linen garment.

His landlady had made sure that the pitcher had been filled with water for his morning wash and he poured some of it into the basin before applying a generous amount of carbolic soap to his face and beard. He next stripped off his nightgown and studiously applied himself to making sure his nether regions were clean and fragrant. After all today was the day he would be dining with Clara and Mary and he wanted to create a good impression on both the young women.

Arthur dried himself off, dressed and applied a small amount of pomade to his hair before brushing it smooth. The mirror in his room was slightly crazed but he managed to make himself look quite presentable before seeking out a bit of bread and cheese from the cupboard in the parlour to break his fast. He had been anticipating today ever since he first discovered the cottage in the woods. He could not help musing over what lay in store for him this time. Whatever it might be he felt certain that this was going to be a very good day indeed.

He pottered around his lodgings doing one or two mundane tasks he had been meaning to catch up with and then by late morning he decided it was time to make tracks back towards Penstone.

Checking himself once more in the mirror and donning a jacket he grabbed his walking cane from the stick stand beside the door before leaving his rooms and cheerily making his way down the stairs. As he stepped out into the street two of his landlady's children were playing with a hoop and stuck in front of the Royal Oak.

"Good Morning Mr Crocker." The younger of the two girls called out to him as he strode off down the street .

"Good Day to you Araminta, and to you as well Beatrice. It is a lovely day today and you both look very pretty."

"Thank you Sir." Beatrice replied but very quickly she was distracted by her sister who was rolling the hoop towards her.

Arthur was in such a good mood today he turned back and pressed two pennies into the young girl's hand.

"Why don't you get some humbugs for yourself and Araminta" He knelt down and wrapped an arm around the younger girl's slender waist.

"Why thank you Mr Crocker." Beatrice said and as his arm encircled her she planted a kiss on his cheek.

Arthur lifted his hand to his face. He could feel the softness of her lips even after she pulled away and he stood up to his full height towering over the two pretty maidens in their smocked frocks.

"Have fun ladies." He called back over his shoulder to nobody. Both girls were running off down the street in pursuit of the hoop which was leading them unsurprisingly in the direction of the village shop where they could spend their tuppence on sweets.

Arthur made his way jauntily along the road and retraced his steps past Honeylands House and Pilton Hall but as this was the first time he had approached the woods from the West he missed the small gate by which he had exited them a few days previous. The hedgerows were as high as they had been when he last passed that way but the lane seemed to be getting narrower than he remembered it.

Inadvertently he had left the woodland gate some several hundred yards behind him before he realised his mistake. He paused briefly and pondered whether to return from whence he came or to carry on in the hopes of finding another path into the woods. His decision was made for him as he moved a few paces further on and heard the unmistakeable sound of a girl's voice singing and getting closer to him. A moment later and a familiar face and figure rounded a bend in the lane. It was the pretty little skipping girl from the schoolyard who was dancing down the path towards him her skirts blowing in the warm summer breeze and her long blonde hair doing the same as the late morning sunlight shone through her pretty locks. The words became clearer as she approached.

*"... great and small
All things wise and wonderful
The Lord God..."*

Her singing broke off but she continued dancing towards him.

"Is it Mr Crocker?" she asked as she drew level with Arthur. "It isn't it. Mother said you were the man who watched me and my friends the other day."

Arthur's heart leaped as he looked at the small girl in front of him. She was tinier than he remembered. It had been difficult to judge from the other side of the road when he had watched her bouncing up and down skipping the rope. Now she was right in front of him he saw that she could only have been about four foot seven or eight.

"Yes, but you can call me Arthur if you wish. You are Mary? Is that right?" He held his hand out towards the child,

"Yes Sir, Mary. Mary Ursula Kingdom, if you please."

"Well Mary Ursula Kingdom it is a pleasure to meet you. You are a very pretty girl just like your mother."

"Thank you Sir," she took his outstretched hand and her tiny fingers seemed lost in his as she shook it forcefully.

"I think I missed the turning back there Mary." Arthur said gesticulating back over his shoulder.

"Oh that's alright Sir."

"Arthur please." He corrected her smiling.

"Sorry Sir Arthur."

"Just Arthur" he laughed and without realising what he was doing he ran his fingers through her hair.
"So can you show me the way?"

"Of course Arthur." She put her hand in his and turned back the way she had come. "There is another path just round the bend. Come on Mother is waiting for you."

Like an obedient child Arthur followed half a pace behind as Mary almost dragged him along the lane and parting some branches in what seemed to be an impenetrable hedge of hazel bushes opened up a gap through which she guided her older companion.

Surprisingly once they had struggled through the hedgerow and Arthur had disentangled himself from some brambles which had also grown across just below his knees he found himself on a narrow footpath where the undergrowth had been trampled down by small feet in the past.

"Are you sure this is the way." He asked her, "Be careful of these brambles they will hurt your legs." He watched as she picked her way carefully amongst them miraculously avoiding the vicious thorns which would have been painful if they had snagged her calves.

"Not far now Sir, sorry Arthur, once we get into the woods the undergrowth gets less troublesome."

She was right, within twenty or thirty yards the ground cleared of all but fallen leaves and a few scattered remnants of the bluebells which must have carpeted the woodland floor in the spring. Another fifty yards and they were out and on a well worn path which crossed their direction of travel.

"This way Arthur." Mary guided him out on to the track and turned right before striking off quickly with the grown man in tow behind her.

He was more than happy to follow the girl Indian file along the track. This allowed him to watch her cute little buttocks moving around inside her thin cotton dress like two small puppies. How badly he wished for the chance to reach out and grasp them in his hands but that would be foolish and he realised that. They progressed one behind the other for quite a while before the trees thinned and he assumed they were in the vicinity of the gingerbread cottage. The track turned left and then right before the trees opened out and they found themselves walking along the edge of a small lake perhaps fifty yards across and slightly more from end to end. The morning sun slanted over the treetops and shimmered on the ripples being raised by the gentle breeze which also bent the stems of the yellow flags around the edges of the lake at the end where the mismatched couple were walking.

How could such a beautiful place exist so close to the village he had known for so many years and yet be so new to him. As he looked out across the water a flash of iridescent blue caught his eye and he

watched as a kingfisher left an overhanging branch and speared below the surface less than a dozen yards away from him before surfacing with a small silver fish gripped in its beak. He couldn't help himself, soundlessly he stopped walking and stared transfixed at the beauty of the scene.

"Arthur?... Arthur?..." He only half heard the sing song little girl voice calling his name.

"We need to keep going Mother is waiting."

Mary had reached the other end of the lake and Arthur hastened to join her.

"I am sorry, wait for me I am coming." He called back before quickening his steps to catch up with the young girl who stood patiently waiting for him her legs slightly apart and one hand on each hip. She looked so much like a miniature version of what he imagined a wife would be as she waited for her husband to return from the Inn, a look of impatience and amused intolerance washing over her face.

"Come on you slowcoach stop dawdling."

Arthur realised that Mary was using the self same phrases her mother probably did when she herself was being too slow to respond to her requests. He quickened his pace and was soon at her side again. Arthur took hold of her hand and they proceeded back into the woods and along a path which led very soon to the clearing in which the cottage he remembered with such fond memories was located.

As soon as they arrived at the clearing Mary slipped her hand from his and literally danced across the grass. She flicked the door latch and rushed inside. Her voice grew fainter as it was muffled the cottage walls.

"Mother.... Mother.... I found him. He is outside right now. Mother come and see..."

Mary had sped across the lawns of the cottage so quickly he could not keep up but now he stood beside the doorway looking into the dark interior of the home. Should he enter or wait until invited. He decided to do the latter and listened as Mary rushed around inside excitedly collecting her mother from the bedroom and ushering her towards the open door.

Arthur leaned on his cane and heard the giggling from inside the cottage and then there she was. Clara appeared at the door her lovely hair flowing loose around her bare shoulders and cascading down over her sweet little breasts encased in rouched and ribboned cotton poplin. She looked beautiful and for just a moment took his breath away.

"Good Day Arthur we are so glad you came. Don't stand out there come in and sit yourself down. Mary fetch a drink for our guest." She stood to one side and allowed Arthur to step inside.

Clara, probably on purpose, did not move aside to let him pass but where she stood on the threshold meant that Arthur had no way of avoiding contact as he walked past. He felt the gentle brush of her bosom against his arm and a thrill ran through him. Arthur being the opportunist he was stole a surreptitious kiss on her cheek as he brushed past her and entered her home. He would have loved to linger but after all he was a gentleman and it would be unseemly to take advantage of his hostess.

Plenty of time for that later he thought.

The interior of the cott was as he remembered it but it was clear that Clara and her daughter had spent some time making sure that everything was spotless and dressed as well as was possible given her limited means. The table had been laid with what was almost certainly her best crockery. A humble household such as hers could not be expected to stretch to china but no matter. Clean pottery vessels served as well as the finest bone china when the food within was tasty.

Mary rushed out of the bedroom and taking Arthur's hand pulled him towards the only comfortable chair in the home. The term comfortable is subjective dependant on ones experience of furnishings. This was a large arm chair which had clearly seen better days and showed signs of starting to wear. The old brocade material was threadbare in places and the stuffing had sagged somewhat but it was still more pleasant than sitting on one of the upright chairs at the table. Mary took Arthur's cane and leant it against the wall beside the fireplace before collecting a tumbler from the table and pouring him some water.

Arthur could smell the meal cooking in a pot over the fire and decided that whatever today's meal was to be it would invariably be some form of stew. The smell was good and he began to feel hungrier than he realised he was.

"May I sit beside you Arthur?" Mary asked as he took the tumbler from her hands.

"Of course my dear, come."

The little girl attempted to force her small bottom onto the chair but ended up merely perching on his leg. Arthur could feel her bony thighs as she wriggled against him and in spite of himself he realised that there was a part of him which had begun to respond inappropriately. He put his arm around her waist and pulled her closer while he sipped the cooling water. Clara had followed him inside and pulled a rush backed chair out from the table, turned it to face her guest and then smoothing her skirts she took her place opposite watching her daughter settling herself on Arthur's lap. Whether she suspected the effect the little girl was having on the young man is debateable but she was, as we know, a woman of the world. Given the way she had supported herself since her husband it would be unlikely that she was unaware of the attraction a young girl might have for her guest.

"So you found your way back then Arthur without any trouble."

"I would not say without trouble but yes I found my way thank you."

"He missed the turning Mother." Mary interjected. "If I had not been keeping an eye open for him he would have walked all the way to Penstone. You were right to send me out to watch for Arthur."

She leaned against the man and he could smell the sweet scent of her hair. The fact that she kept wriggling was undeniably distracting but in a pleasant way.

"I was careless." Arthur replied. "I thought I would find the way into the woods quite easily but coming from the other direction it was not as obvious as I had anticipated."

"That is why I love it here." Clara said. "Very few people find their way this deep into the wood so we are not bothered very often. Of course I do get visitors but mostly only those I wish to see."

Arthur knew to what she alluded but was too much of a gentleman to say so.

"Mary showed me a new way to approach the cottage just now that passes alongside a truly beautiful lake. I had no idea such a wonderful place existed."

Clara smiled at him. "You mean the azure pond. Yes it is lovely isn't it. Not many people know about it. Even my husband used to say that it was such a well kept secret because it is enchanted."

It was Arthur's turn to smile now. In fact he did not so much smile as chuckled.

"Don't laugh Arthur anybody would think you don't believe in fairies. Mary will tell you they inhabit the trees around the pool."

"I'm sorry Clara I'm afraid fairies are a step too far for me. I gave up believing in such things when I learned that Saint Nicholas was not real."

To his surprise the child on his knee punched him gently in the ribs.

"Of course Saint Nicholas is real and as for fairies I've seen them dancing through the trees by the blue pool. How could you say they aren't real."

Arthur, in spite of his practical misgivings on the subject was enchanted by the clear belief Mary showed when supporting the concept of fairies. He could not contradict her and did not wish to.

"Then if you have seen them they must be true. Perhaps one day you will show them to me?"

"I can't show them to you Sir, they will only appear to those who believe in them. But perhaps Mother would let us down to the pool one day soon when you can see whether they want to show themselves to you."

"I could not ask for more and I would love to go down to the pool with you both. Perhaps we might swim? Or is that not allowed in a fairy pool?"

Clara joined in now. "Swimming is allowed, Mary and I often indulge in it but I am afraid we do so naked and so if you wished to join us then you would have to be the same."

Arthur did not know whether she was teasing him but if not then the thought of a naked dip in the magic pool with two lovely maidens was stirring him again.

"Well if those are the rules then I must abide by them. It will be my pleasure to accompany you both whenever you see fit Clara." Arthur smiled at her and he was sure that he glimpsed a twinkle in her eye before she stood up and turned to the hearth to tend to the meal.

There was no doubt about it, Clara was a strikingly beautiful girl. Arthur could have spent all day just watching her as she bustled about preparing the meal for the three of them. As for her daughter, in her own way she was equally pretty and would one day be sought by all the young men in the village. He was certain of that, as certain as he was that he did not want to wait that long.

"Do you like your life here Clara?" He asked her and he could tell she was deciding how to answer him from the way she paused from stirring the cooking pot.

"My life is good but I would wish that I did not have to keep us in the way I do. It cannot be good for Mary to see it. This cottage is not large enough for her to be protected from the harsher things in life all the time. In summer it is alright, she can go out and play but in the cold weather I have to let her stay indoors and what is happening cannot be concealed." Her shoulders slumped a little as she remembered the too many times when her daughter had witnessed her entertaining men.

"Must you make a living in such a way Clara?" Arthur felt sure he knew the answer to his question before it had left his lips.

"How else Arthur? What is a widow to do to keep her child fed?" She turned around and Arthur witnessed a tear falling from her eye before she had the opportunity to wipe it away.

"I have an idea which might help you if you would care to listen."

Clara sat back down on the kitchen chair and looked deep into his eyes. Could he really help her? She wondered what he might need in return for his assistance. She thought she probably knew, after all what do most men want? She decided it would be best if she remained silent and waited for him to tell her what he had in mind. She did not have to wait very long.

"Now please let me tell you everything before you give me an answer." Arthur said and leaning forward he took her hands in his.

"Mama, what is wrong?" Mary said as she clung to Arthur, her arms around his waist.

Clara took him at his word and did not answer her daughter but taking her hand away from Arthur's she put a finger to her lips to silence the young girl. Mary was astute enough to keep silent. Clara took hold of the young man's hand again and they sat staring into each other's eyes while he propounded his plans for the future.

"I know this may sound foolish, after all we hardly know each other but if you will let me help you I now have the means to resolve your financial worries for the foreseeable future. I have recently come into an inheritance which I had planned to invest with the help of Rodney Haverstock. The income from this will mean I am in a position to be generous to those I care about."

Arthur watched her face as he mentioned his friend's name to see whether there was any sign of recognition. He was delighted to see that Clara remained unmoved. Clearly his suspicion that the Honourable Rodney may already be familiar with the lovely groove between her thighs was completely unfounded. Whichever of the local men folk had ploughed her furrow, his friend was not amongst them.

"My proposal if you will agree to it is that I give up my lodgings in St Loy and join you and Mary here. That would immediately reduce my outgoings and I could then provide you both with everything you need to live comfortably. You would no longer need to entertain those who have previously shared your bed."

Clara had kept hold of his hands throughout and he felt certain that she would not refuse him.

"You may speak now Clara. Will you consider my suggestion?"

She took a deep breath and looked at her daughter. Mary was still hugging Arthur as if she had known him all her life. Almost like a daughter would embrace her father which is something she could not recall ever having done. As Clara watched, Mary nodded her head almost imperceptibly.

"It would appear that Mary would like you to live with us Arthur. But I must first be certain that you realise how little space we have here. We would need to share the same bedroom. Are you sure you are prepared to forego all the luxuries you have been used to in the town?"

"Luxuries? I assume you have never been in lodgings then." Arthur smiled. "As for sharing a bedroom surely that would be a good thing in the long dark winter nights. I can think of nothing nicer than being able to keep you both warm."

"We have no gas light here you know and no running water. Living in the woods is not for everybody Arthur."

"I would be happy to undertake whatever trials and tribulations might come my way to be able to help you Clara. Please just say you will consider this. You do not have to give me an answer straight away. I am a very patient man and the rewards would be worth the wait if you need to think about it more."

Clara released Arthur's hands and placed her own in her lap while she seemed to be giving his proposal the consideration it deserved. Arthur could sense the little girl on his knee fidgeting again and so he pulled her tighter to him and even went so far as to put his hand on her leg. Such a slender leg. He could not see it but he could feel the skinny thigh in his palm and it felt delightful. He visualised what he had seen in the school yard and knew that he desperately needed Clara to agree to let him stay.

Clara looked up. "Very well, I agree but not straightaway."

Arthur was stunned, he had expected her to say an outright no but to hear that she was open to the idea in due course was wonderful news. "Then when Clara?"

"Let us say a few weeks, I want to be sure that you are aware of the difficulties in living this far from your world. Also I would need to know what conditions you would place on me if I were to accept your offer of financial help."

"The only condition I would require from you is that you no longer allow other men to visit unless I am present. Obviously you must not live the life of a hermit but I would not wish you to share your body with them anymore. I must be the only one."

Clara had known this would be needed but even though she had no intention of letting Arthur realise it, it was no hardship to ensure her daughter's security. She actually was quite pleased to get away from the need to spread her legs whenever the food ran low and Arthur was a pretty young man. She was happy to allow him to be the only visitor to her boudoir and the only one who would enter her lady garden from now on.

"Let us say it is decided then. Come and visit us whenever you wish and we will make arrangements for you to move in over the next few weeks. Now shall we eat?" She thought enough time had been spent on the subject for the time being. "We can discuss the details over dinner."

"By all means, I am ravenous." Arthur replied and with that Mary jumped off his lap and went to help her mother serve the repast.

Later that day after they had enjoyed an extensive meal and spent some hours enjoying each other's company Arthur kissed Clara farewell and headed home, his head spinning with the thought of possibly moving to the woods fairly soon. He was half way across the clearing when a small hand grabbed his and brought him to a stop.

"I am so glad you are going to come and live with us Sir, even if it is not to be for a short while." Mary said as he knelt down so that he was at eyelevel with the young girl. She put her arms around his neck and kissed him lightly on the lips. "When you do we can go and see the fairies together."

"Of course we can my dear, and remember my name is Arthur." He returned her kiss but although she did not notice the difference his mouth pressed more firmly on hers and his penis twitched within his trousers. "I am sure we will all have a wonderful time and we do not have to wait so long to see the fairies, perhaps on my next visit."

He gently released her arms from his neck and standing he ruffled her hair and set off back into the woods.

CHAPTER 4 – THE FAIRY POOL

A week passed since the meal and his discussions with Clara. The long summer was still in full force and Arthur had just arrived back at the cottage. He had been back once or twice before and he was certain that it would not be long before he was ready to move in and Clara seemed to be getting more relaxed about the idea by the day.

Today was the day that he and his two playmates were going to go to the azure pool for the first time. He did not really believe in fairies but Mary obviously did and so he decided he would play along with her fantasies.

As he approached the cottage door it was flung wide and before he realised what was happening Mary had leapt up and wrapped her legs around his waist. Arthur had to react quickly to prevent her falling and the only way to be sure of this was by grabbing her pert little bottom. It felt delightful and as she flung her arms around his neck and showered his face with kisses he thought how lucky he had been to find this hidden treasure.

“Arthur, I love it when you come to visit. It is a lovely day today and I spoke to the fairies and told them you would be coming to see them. They were so excited.”

He didn’t believe a word she said but if it made her happy then he was happy as well.

Carrying his precious load in through the open door of the cottage he set her down on one of the chairs in the kitchen. There was no sign of Clara and he could not hear any noises coming from the bedroom.

“Is your mother here Mary?” He asked as he walked further into the darkness of the cottage and peered round the door into the other room.

“No, she went into the village to get some provisions about half an hour ago. I said I would stay and wait for you to arrive.”

Arthur decided he would make himself at home and filled a beaker with water from the stone pitcher on the side table. Meanwhile Mary had got up off the chair and had moved right up behind him so that when he turned she was right in his path. He could not be sure but he felt that she was deliberately trying to get as close to him as possible without actually touching him.

“So what are the plans for today then Mary?” He asked and sat down beside the kitchen table placing the beaker down.

“Mother said when she gets back we will make a picnic and then we can go to the pool for a swim.”

Arthur watched the girl as she sidled closer until her knees were touching the side of his thigh. A moment later and Mary placed her small hand on his leg and slipped it down between his thighs just stopping short of his crotch.

“Do you swim Arthur?” she asked him as her hand moved further down between his legs and the edge of her hand rubbed gently against his groin.

"A little." He replied "But not very well, can you teach me?" He could feel his manhood swelling as her small hand rubbed along the side of his penis.

"Do you want me to?" Mary asked and Arthur was not at all sure what she was trying to find out. Whether he wanted her to teach him to swim or something else all together.

"Anything you do I would like Mary." He replied being as obtuse as she had been.

The young girl turned her hand so that instead of running her palm along his leg she had in fact positioned her hand over the growing tumescence inside his trousers.

"Your mother should be home imminently." He said but in his heart he hoped he was wrong and that she would be delayed as long as possible.

"Not too soon." Mary reassured him. "We have some time yet."

"Some time for?" Arthur said.

"Time for whatever you would like."

It suddenly dawned on him that this child was not as innocent as he had imagined. As he thought about it he realised that sharing a room with a mother who was frequently bedded by the men of the village it was almost certain that Mary would have seen what happened in an adult bed and so sex was not the secret that most girls of her age would still not have discovered. Her fingers were stroking the front of his trousers gently but firmly now and in spite of himself Arthur was responding.

Had it not been for the sudden sound of the door opening who knows where this would have lead.

"Mary? Where are you darling?"

The young girl wasted no time and leaving Arthur to straighten himself up she took her hand away and turned to face her mother as she entered the cottage kitchen.

"Here Mother."

She ran across the small room and greeted her returning parent by throwing her arms around her waist and hugging her almost forcing her to drop the wicker basket she was carrying.

"Steady my angel mind the groceries. Oh Arthur is here already how lovely." Clara disentangled herself from her daughter's embrace and half walking, half stumbling she managed to reach the kitchen table and dropped the heavy basket on to the scrubbed wooden surface.

"How good it is to see you Arthur and on such a beautiful day. I think we have been blessed with perfect weather for swimming in the lake."

"I do hope so Clara." He replied as he stood and took her hand in his, proffering a gallant kiss to the back of her hand. "I have been so looking forward to today. I have been getting quite excited about it."

"I can see that Sir." She replied as her eyes wandered innocently down to where a faint sign of dampness was giving away the excitement to which he referred. Arthur tried to hide the offending evidence by covering himself with one hand without being too blatant about it.

"Let me catch my breath and I will prepare us something to take on our picnic, it would be a shame to waste any of this sunshine. Mary would you fetch me the small basket with the cloth we use to put our picnic things in from the cupboard in the bedroom please."

"Of course Mama." With this the girl scuttled out of the room and Arthur swept Clara up into his arms and kissed her passionately as he allowed his hands to clasp her pert buttocks, not as small as Mary's but a wonderful hand full, pulling her close enough for her to feel the still firm member inside his trousers.

"I so wish we were alone Clara. I need you so badly."

Clara responded to his touch by returning his kisses evenly more tenderly and as his lips parted her tongue slipped between them and sought his in such a manner as to make him even more aroused than he already was. She thrust her hips forward so that his stiffening maleness was pressing firmly against her mound and belly.

"And you shall have me Arthur but not quite yet. It would seem that you have become somewhat excited even in my absence. I wonder who might be the cause of that?"

Of course Clara knew exactly what had got Arthur aroused or rather who.

Mary returned with a little basket over her arm covered with a red and white spotted kerchief. "Here mother, can I help you prepare the food please? I know how to do it remember because I helped you the last time."

"The last time?" Arthur queried. "Am I not the first to share a picnic with you ladies at the fairy pool?"

"Of course you are silly." Mary responded as she stared at her mother and her new found friend embracing. Only mother and I have been to the pool. I would never let mother show any of the men who came to the house where it was. They were never interested anyway. Mother used to send me out to pick flowers or fruits when they came most of the time. Unless it was after dark and then I just stayed quiet in my bed until they left."

Arthur was right, Clara may have tried to protect her daughter from the evils of the world but that was not always possible and undoubtedly she would have been unable to keep her from witnessing her mother being fucked by all and sundry. Even if she had not seen what went on she could not have avoided hearing the sounds of lovemaking from the large bed in the same room.

"Enough chatter now." Clara chided her daughter. "Put the basket down over there and wash your hands then we can get started on the meal."

Being ignored was commonplace for Arthur but under the circumstances he was happy to sit on a chair and watch the two pretty girls slicing chunks of bread and cheese and wrapping them before placing

them in the picnic basket. This was followed by apples plucked from the tree and a jug of water drawn from the well behind the cottage by Mary. As she moved from cottage to garden and back she skipped gaily and Arthur could see again in his mind's eye the delightful vision of her thin legs and crisp cotton undergarments as she and her friends had played in the school yard. Although it was Clara with whom he was having a relationship he realised that he was becoming more and more infatuated with Mary and was looking forward with eager anticipation to seeing her without her clothes when they eventually got to the fairy pool. He didn't have to wait too long. After about twenty minutes Clara declared that everything was now ready and without further ado the three of them left the cottage and headed away into the woods.

The pool was as he had remembered it. As they came out of the trees and the expanse of glittering water hove into view Arthur could think of nowhere he had ever been which was more beautiful. He had been carrying the picnic basket in one hand while holding Clara's hand in the other while Mary skipped down the path ahead of them, her hair flying around her shoulders.

"May I go and swim mother?" Mary called back over her shoulder as Arthur put the basket on an area of grass to one side of the pool. "Please mother."

The girl did not even wait for an answer and could be seen unbuttoning her tunic dress and pulling it off over her head before dropping it on the grass beside the basket. Arthur stood fascinated as two small thin arms and two equally skinny legs appeared from within the copious folds of the young girl's dress. Mary's body was still fully covered by the under garments which were commonplace in those days. In spite of the warmth of the day she was wearing a vest and cotton knickers which were fastened by ribbons just above her knees. On top of the vest she had a tightly fastened garment similar to what would be known as a liberty bodice in modern parlance. It was this which she now struggled to get free from and she was having very little success.

"Come here Mary." Her mother called to her and kneeling down on the grass helped the young girl unfasten the five buttons down the front so that she could take the garment off.

Arthur stared at the girl as her almost totally flat chest was released from the constraints of the bodice. In a matter of moments her mother had peeled the vest off over her head and there she was a slender young thing, her two small pink nipples the only interruption to the smooth pale skin of her chest.

"There you are now off you go and be careful of the reeds they have sharp edges remember."

"But." Mary looked first at her mother, then at Arthur and back to her mother again.

"But what child." Clara replied.

Mary walked up to her mother and whispered something in her ear which Arthur was unable to hear.

"I don't think so Mary not with Arthur here."

"Oh please mother you know how I hate getting my clothes wet." She stood in front of Clara her shoulders hunched as she attempted to gain agreement to what Arthur now realised was a request to go totally naked.

Clara turned to him. "Would you mind if Mary removed her knickerbockers Arthur? I would not normally permit it in company but if you agree then it would be more pleasant for her."

Not one to demur when being asked for his agreement Arthur found it difficult holding back from effusively saying Yes, Yes, Yes.... He wanted more than anything to have the opportunity to see Mary in all her slender glory.

"I am sure if Mary wants to swim naked then it is not my place to agree or disagree. You are her mother and as long as you have no objection to her doing so in the presence of a man then of course she may."

Mary had not waited for a positive response but was busily stripping the white cotton down her legs and as Arthur watched her smooth belly was appearing over the waistband and as the girl pushed the knickerbockers further down he looked at the rise of her pubic mound, still devoid of hair, followed by the top of her slit which nestled delightfully between her lily white thighs. As Mary lifted her legs one after the other to release the knickers over her feet he marvelled at the tight pink cleft. Seconds later and she had thrown the garment to the ground, turned on her heel and a pair of delicate firm buttocks could be seen disappearing towards the edge of the pool before she strode determinedly into the water. Like some water nymph from the fables he had read as a young boy the slim beautiful little girl slipped almost noiselessly under the mirror like surface of the pond which shimmered in the hot sun.

"I suppose it is our turn now Arthur." Clara spoke again and taking his eyes away from the pretty sight in front of him he turned to see the girl's mother already half out of her skirts.

There was no denying it Clara was a striking young woman. He should have been making an effort to prepare himself for swimming but he was too engrossed in watching the striptease taking place a few feet away. Clara had removed her dark green skirt and was unfastening the ribbons which held her underskirt in place. Once she had loosened it sufficiently she stepped out of it and now to Arthur's surprise was stood facing him, her pudenda with its thin growth of hair only inches away from his face. Arthur could not control himself and reaching out until both hands were cupping her buttocks he pulled her gently forward.

"Arthur..." Clara moaned as she felt his warm breath on her pubic mound. "What about Mary?" The sound of her splashing from the other side of the pool reached them

"She is playing happily enough." Arthur replied pulling her down beside him on the soft warm grass. He grasped the bottom edge of her blouse and swiftly removed it until Clara was naked in his arms. Arthur made an incongruous sight sitting still fully clothed beside the smooth pale skinned young woman.

"Are you not hot? That jacket must be most uncomfortable. Why do you not let me help you." Clara said as Arthur moved his hand down from her shoulder to cup her left breast. She pulled away slightly and getting up on her knees proceeded to disrobe the young man. Eventually after much amusement he too sat on the grass as naked as the day he was born. One thing however was significantly different from that day twenty or more years before. If his penis had been as erect then as it was now Arthur's mother would have had more difficulty giving him birth.

Arthur looked around to see where Mary was but she was nowhere to be seen in the pool. He knew that she would come to no harm being a child of the woods so he turned his attention to her mother. The

grass was pleasantly warm and surprisingly soft. He took Clara in his arms again and kissed her tenderly while with one hand he stroked her long hair. Her head rested against him, her cheek against his chest. They lay side by side leg against leg, thigh against thigh. Arthur felt Clara move her leg and placing her foot between his calves she raised her knee upwards until she felt his penis and the wrinkled skin of his scrotum against her thigh. She ran her hand down his chest until she reached his waist and then onwards seeking the hardness of his penis. It was not difficult to locate being as it was so prominent in its aroused state but once she had she found it she discovered that it was even thicker than she remembered from the last time he had slid it into her aching vagina. Clara took hold of the firm shaft and with her hand wrapped tightly around the base she moved her fingers slowly up towards the head and then tightening her grip still more she moved her hand back down and Arthur's cock head emerged into the warm summer sun. She repeated this movement over and over each time concealing and revealing the purple head of his manhood. Each time getting Arthur more and more aroused. He paused from stroking her hair and slipped his hand between Clara's thighs seeking the hot wet place he needed to explore.

"Mother... Mother..." A young sweet voice could be heard in the distance. "Are you not coming in to swim?"

"Coming darling." With that Clara released her hold on Arthur's manhood and before he could moisten his fingers in her honey pot she had stood and rushed headlong into the pool leaving our rampant hero floundering alone. Arthur raised himself up on one elbow and watched as Clara's pale flesh submerged beneath the surface of the water. Watched as her pert bottom and slender legs slipped noiselessly into the pool. Her ankles and feet the last to disappear before in a flurry of foam she arose like Venus and stood turned slightly away so that he could see rivulets of water droplets running off her breasts, the stiffening nipples pink and beautiful. Forgetting for a moment the fact that his manhood was still firm and erect, Arthur leaped up and followed her into the shimmering lake until he too was soaking wet. The coolness of the pool started countering the effect of her fingers and his penis shrank slightly. Not enough however to return the dignity he had forfeited when they had lain together.

"Oh goodness Arthur." A soft sweet voice in front of him intoned.

Suddenly he was not alone. He realised that Mary was there staring wide eyed at his cock. Emerging from below the surface like some slippery but delightful little eel, Mary was at his side. Her arms shot round his waist. Her head pressed against his arm and her belly warmed his thigh as she embraced him. His first thoughts were for the impropriety of the position he found himself in. He had entered the water in pursuit of his lovely Clara but he had found the youthful lithe form of her daughter and it seemed that she had deliberately sought him out. When Arthur first started for the pool Mary was nowhere to be seen but somehow she was now wrapping herself around him, her little legs entwined around his and much to his delight her arms which had initially clasped him tightly had lost their grip and as she slipped off him he felt her thin wrist brush erotically across the top of his semi erect penis. It was as though a bolt of lightning had shot through him. He could see Clara a few feet away from him but all his fevered mind was conscious of at that moment was this beautiful innocent girl clinging to him, her arms now around his thighs, one clutching his buttock the other sending electric shocks through his cock.

And then it was over. Mary slid off him and back into the water whilst he clutched her slippery body to prevent her disappearing completely below the surface.

He need not have worried, Mary was well practiced in swimming and as Arthur's hands groped around trying to rescue her she turned and twisted until he caught sight of her smooth tight sex as her legs thrashed about trying to regain her footing. Eventually spluttering and coughing she was stood next to him and Clara was approaching from a clump of water iris from whence she had witnessed Arthur's mixture of discomfiture and arousal.

"Are you alright Mary?" He said as her mother approached.

"Oh don't worry about her Arthur, she is quite capable of taking care of herself in the water." As if to confirm this Mary slipped away and swam swiftly off across the pool leaving the two adults together.

The pool at this point was perhaps three feet or so deep which meant that neither Clara nor Arthur were able to conceal their genitalia although right then and there they were not too concerned. Arthur in particular was suffering from mixed emotions. He realised how aroused he was by the proximity of the little girl but was equally horrified that he had felt such emotions in the presence of her mother.

"She is capable of taking care of herself." Clara repeated. Arthur felt there was more to the statement than just Mary's swimming capabilities. Arthur resolved to find out more at a suitable moment but this was not it. Looking at Clara's slender form as she stood beside him, her slim waist and that small patch of fuzz between her legs, wet now and hardly concealing the slit between her thighs, he was starting to firm up again.

Clara had not failed to notice and in spite of the incongruity of their position she reached down and took hold of his burgeoning manhood.

"Mary seems to have forgotten us for the moment Arthur, perhaps we have time." So saying she guided him back out of the pool almost leading him by his erect penis which she continued to grasp as the water level went down and eventually they regained their prone position on the grassy bank.

Clara lay on her back and Arthur slipped between her parted thighs. He touched her outer labia with his hand and slowly slipped his forefinger between them revelling in the warmth of her vulva and the hot sweet nectar of her feminine juices. Rubbing his fingertip over her outer lips he gradually inserted a second finger into her cleft and moved them both up to the place where her lips met and he could feel the nub of her clitoris as it swelled in response to his touch. Arthur moistened his fingers in her sublime wetness and then gently, ever so gently stroked her clitoris and felt the waves of excitement start to flow throughout Clara's body. He marvelled at the beauty of her sex. Arthur never failed to wonder at how the creator could have ever dreamed of such a beautiful work of art. He knew that women were made to receive the male organ but such an exquisite design as the vagina and its concomitant parts was truly the first wonder of the world. He edged himself down between her legs until his face was level with her pudenda and then parting her lips with his fingers he opened his mouth and let his lips touch hers and his tongue seek out the small perfect bud between them. Arthur gently wrapped the heart of her flower in his lips and allowed the tip of his tongue to flick softly over and around her clitoris. Clara arched her back the easier to receive the feelings of ecstasy which were beginning between her thighs and spreading up throughout her body. Arthur sucked the tight little bud between his lips and rolled his tongue around it. Then moving his face further down towards her slit he could smell the sweet scent of her womanhood and it made his head start to spin. Peeling her labia apart to reveal the rose red folds of her inner lips and the darker red of her vagina waiting for his hardening cock he ran his tongue around

the opening to her damp cave and allowed his mouth to taste the honeyed flavour of her cunt. While Arthur administered his own brand of lovemaking to Clara's vagina she clasped and unclasped her hands on her small breasts with their engorged swollen pink nipples running her palms round and round in opposing circles as her breasts responded to her touch.

Unbeknown to either of the participants in this slow dance of lust, Mary had silently left the pool and had sat down on a tussock of grass only a few yards away and was watching fascinated as her mother was being aroused by the new man in her life. The girl was sitting with her legs crossed on the small grassy mound. Her knees apart and her legs crossed at the ankle. This position exposed her pussy to the world or would have, had the world been watching. She was fascinated at what was happening in front of her and made sure that she did not make a sound for fear of being discovered in her act of voyeurism.

Mary allowed her hand to travel down the softness of her belly and over the mound of her pudenda until her fingers felt the sympathetic dampness of her own small slit. She was not a novice when it came to pleasuring herself and in no time at all her small fingers were slipping between her outer labia and seeking out her own tiny love button. Mary, as we know, shared the same room as her mother at night and she had been witness to many nights when the large bed held two occupants but it had always been dark in the cottage and although she could hear the sounds of sex this was the first time she had ever witnessed it in all its magnificence. She watched as Arthur lapped at the fount of his desires and her mother writhed in ecstasy under the growing onslaught of his mouth at her portal. Mary stroked her pussy lips and dipping inside her vagina to moisten her fingertips she ran them over and around the entrance to her own virginal orifice. She noted with pleasure the mounting sensations as her fingers stroked her clitoris and then without thinking she plunged two fingers between her inner lips until they encountered the tight ring of her hymen. It was still intact as should be the case in a young girl but being just a small crescent of flesh did not much obstruct her advance deeper into her vagina. Mother had told her about her body and that when she went with a man for the first time it might be painful as her maidenhood was taken. For this reason she had always been careful in the past not to approach her slit with too much violence but contented herself with gently stroking.

The couple on the grass had changed position slightly now. Arthur had moved his body up between Clara's legs and Mary could see the angry head of his penis at the end of what by now was a strong hard and thick erection. The young girl marvelled at the sight of such a proud member. She had witnessed horses mating in the fields and clearly this was nothing in comparison to the shaft of a stallion but nonetheless she was awed by the thought that it was possible for such a thing to enter her mother's body. She felt certain that were she to be the one beneath him such a thing would stretch her little pussy beyond comprehension. Still she dreamed that one day he might attempt to breach her defences like that. Arthur positioned himself and lifting his buttocks set the head at the parted outer lips of Clara's still youthful pussy. His hips were high enough for Mary to see the head as it slowly parted her mother's outer lips and then as Arthur brought his body down she lost sight of the shaft as he buried it deep, deep inside Clara's cunt. In response to what she was watching Mary thrust her two fingers deep inside her own tight little slit and suddenly she felt a stab of pain as her fingers split her hymen and vanished into her own silent depths. She paused for a moment, not moving for fear of making the pain worse but nothing happened. There had been that moment when her hymen parted to allow the onward progress of her probing digits but now all was as before. In fact she was enjoying the feeling of her vaginal muscles squeezing and responding to the presence of her fingers. Meanwhile Arthur was bucking and writhing on top of her mother who responded by wrapping her legs tight around his thighs and crossing them at the ankle in the same way Mary's were. She held him in a vice like grip so that his penis was trapped inside her hot wet cavern but not so tight that he was unable to move. From her years of

necessity Clara knew just how tight she needed to be to keep a man inside her yet still allow him the freedom to give them both pleasure. Arthur moved his hips back and forth as his cock massaged her vagina and her internal muscles played their part squeezing his penis until he could hold back no longer. Arthur felt the delightful familiar sensation as his orgasm started to build. His balls were aching now and he knew it would only be a moment before he had to relax his self control and let the fountain of semen go. Clara tightened her pelvic floor and Arthur exploded inside her filling her womb with his seed.

As the waves of pleasure washed over him he collapsed and careless of how heavy he was he let his body relax and had he been a bigger man would have crushed poor Carla beneath him. Even so, small as she was Clara was able to roll him over until she was on top and then raising her cute little bottom she felt his penis slide smoothly out of her vagina. The sadly deflated cock fell to one side as his load of discarded semen ran out between her lips and coated the grass between his legs. In the absence of a douche Clara resorted to the only available means at her disposal and walked to the edge of the pool where she squatted and diligently washed his ejaculate from her pussy taking care to make sure she had washed it all away which involved using her fingers, a task which Arthur would have been more than happy to undertake for her had she only asked him.

When she was satisfied that she had done all she could to clean herself she stood and turned back to see Arthur lying on one side holding his deflated cock while he watched her. She also saw now, her daughter Mary, a couple of yards further on with her prepubescent slit gaping between her legs and a happy smile on her face.

"Oh goodness me Arthur. It seems we had an audience."

Arthur rolled over and seeing the young girl displaying the most beautiful tight cleft he could ever have imagined he returned her smile.

"I am sure Mary will not tell her friends, will you Mary."

"Oh no, of course not Arthur." She replied as she straightened her legs and closed them together denying the young man the view which was beginning to stiffen his manhood again.

"Perhaps we should have one more swim before we get the picnic out?" Clara suggested.

"Perhaps we should" Arthur agreed. He realised in a sudden enlightening moment that although Clara was the legitimate recipient of his sexual favours there was another smaller but equally desirable person who shared the same intimate secrets with them.

"When will we eat mother?" Mary asked before she, still wonderfully naked skipped across towards Arthur who was self-consciously but ineffectively trying to conceal his genitals from her young eyes. It would not do he thought. She is only a child, but his emotions were telling a different tale.

Grabbing him by the hand Mary turned on her heel and headed back towards the water's edge with a naked man in tow.

Unbeknown to Arthur, Mary had her own independent feelings which would not be denied. 'Too late for trying to conceal that from me Sir' she thought as Arthur's genitals now unprotected by his hand swung

to and fro between his legs. She thought how lovely a man looked and pondered how pleasant it must be to feel him inside your belly. If only he would do to her what he so obviously enjoyed doing to her mother. Perhaps if she tried hard she could convince him to let her experience it one day soon.

Meanwhile there was more swimming to be enjoyed and a feast to be had and she still had not shown Arthur where the fairies lived. But that could wait until another day, the fairies were not going anywhere, they would still be at the pool the next time she brought her mother's young man to visit them.

CHAPTER 5 – PLANS ARE MADE

Two weeks of hot summer weather. More frequent walks from St Loy towards Penstone. Less liaisons in the Inn with his drinking companions but Arthur was having the best summer he had ever enjoyed in his twenty something years on this earth.

No longer did he miss the turn off the track which led into the woods unless he chose to take the narrower hidden way past the fairy pool. It did not seem to matter which way he walked, all routes led to the tiny cottage in the woods. They all led to the small dwelling which had now become the main focus of his life.

After the picnic by the pool he realised that he had not only exchanged his earlier life for one which intimately involved Clara in his every waking thought but there was now another focus for his attentions. One which had always been there but which at last he realised was to be equally important to him and would be the one objective towards which his every action ultimately led.

Mary.

Today Arthur was heading back again to the cottage and had chosen the secret pathway which lead past the pool. His walk had taken him about half an hour so far and although the day was young it was already starting to feel very warm. He was earlier than he had intended and by the time his feet had taken him to the edge of the water he was very warm. He checked his pocket watch and decided that he had enough time, before he was expected, to be able to take a quick dip in the pool. He had not brought anything with him intended for a swim but the day was so warm he felt sure that if he were to take a dip it would not take too long to dry off in the sun.

He knew that this place was a secret known to only one or two people, or so Clara had told him and he believed everything she said.

Decision made, he paused beside a small clump of rushes where the ground rose up slightly offering a pleasant place to disrobe and which would also be suitable for him to rest after his swim to dry off. Arthur hastily unbuttoned his clothes, removed his cravat and in a matter of moments was stood naked at the water's edge.

He paused listening for the sounds of nature and scanned the water looking for the kingfisher he had seen on his first visit but it was nowhere to be seen. Instead a small flock of goldfinches were chattering and fluttering around between the trees on the periphery of the clearing. This was an idyllic place he thought as he walked slowly into the water and felt the cold as it moved up his shins, over his knees and then up his thighs. Eventually he was standing in more than three feet or so of water and his genitals were hardly above the surface. This was the worst part he thought as he continued walking into the pool, thin water weed tickling his feet as he advanced. Then he felt it, the sudden shock as his testicles encountered the cooling water followed by the cock shrinking effect he disliked so much. Nothing for it but to keep going. A few seconds of penis numbing shock and then the water was up to his belly and he slipped slowly into the pool until everything except his head had been immersed.

Striking out for the other shore he used breast stroke rather than the faster more efficient front crawl beloved of channel swimmers. He was in no hurry and he slowly moved across the mirrored surface his body leaving a gentle rippling wake behind him as his legs performed the familiar frog like motion that accompanied the breast stroke. It was an invigorating and refreshing experience and he loved the feeling of freedom around the groin as the water washed past his dangling genitals. The thought crossed his mind that there would be fish and other aquatic life in there with him. He had after all watched as the kingfisher had retrieved some small fry from below the surface but it was not minnows or sticklebacks that bothered him now. It was more the possibility of larger fish, in particular the voracious pike which, if it lived in the pool may decide that his 'tackle' might present a tasty morning morsel.

As he reached the far side of the pool Arthur turned over on to his back and slowly, even more slowly than he had swum out he allowed himself to drift back and felt the warming glow on his stomach as the sun bore down on him. Lazily kicking his legs and hardly moving his arms at all he moved effortlessly across the surface of the water and felt the sun's rays warming his nether regions.

Unbeknown to the solo bather, hidden amongst the trees was a pair of brown eyes, not the deep brown of Clara's but a lighter mix produced by the genetics of Clara and her partner Joseph. Mary stared out across the greensward towards the pool watching intently as the young man luxuriated in the cool water. He was not aware of her presence but she had been there from the moment he appeared out of the trees and stood surveying the sunlit water. She had watched as he slowly removed his clothing and by the time he was stood his back to the trees, two firm buttocks rising above his legs she had already slipped her hand between her legs and inside her knickerbockers and was gently stroking the lips of her smooth tight pussy.

Arthur reached the side nearest his clothes and putting his feet on the sandy bed of the pool stood facing the trees one hand on each hip. The sun was above the wood but was not yet full. He knew that soon it would reach its zenith and then the water he had just risen from would be at the warmest it had been all year. Standing as he was, some ten yards from the undergrowth which skirted the wood he could not see the lurking presence which had settled down behind one of the low growing shrubs and like some Peeping Thomasina was enjoying the sight of a naked man full frontal and glistening with water droplets. Mary was fervently stroking herself and her pussy was responding to her touch by sending shuddering waves throughout her body from her belly up to her budding young breasts. She slipped her fingers between her puffy outer labia again and sought out the bud of her clitoris. Deftly she stroked and flicked her fingertip over the small seat of so many pleasant feelings while her longer middle finger curled under and passed between her inner lips into the hot wet inner sanctum of her vulval cavity and then up into her vagina. Mary closed her legs together trapping her hand between her thighs and flicked her finger upward until it touched the slightly rougher area of her vagina which came to be known many years later as the 'G' spot. Mary did not need a name, the sensation was sufficient. Shock waves of ecstasy flew round her very being. Mary was finding it hard to keep silent in the face of such pleasure but silent she remained biting her tongue in the process.

Arthur stretched and then as is the way with men scratched himself between the legs and settled down on his back on the grassy tussock next to his clothes. He stretched out his arms and legs and lying in cruciform state on his back with his eyes closed allowed the sun to dry him off. He must have lain such for several minutes while the tiny masturbator in the woods concluded her pleasures and then bringing herself back down to earth straightened her clothing and quietly tiptoed out from the shrubbery towards the prone young man. She trod lightly around a small gorse bush and approaching him from

behind his head so as not to come between him and the sunlight eventually she stood above him. Mary feasted her eyes on Arthur's body. His slender shoulders, chest with its light covering of pale hairs. The ribbon of darker hair running down over his belly and fanning out to form the triangle of curls that adorned his pubis. Mary's eye was drawn downward to the point where his pretty soft penis fell to one side and his foreskinned member rested languidly atop his scrotum and the two firm testes within. The whole ensemble nestling in the triangle at the top of his thighs. She had never had the opportunity to study a man's genitalia at such close quarters and she seized on the opportunity, quietly kneeling beside his head.

Her skirt rustled.

Arthur's eyes opened. The sunlight had been pouring through his closed eyelids in a red mist and as he peeled his lids back at first he could not make out the haloed shape obscuring some of the sky.

"Sorry Arthur, did I disturb you?"

Startled by the sudden unexpected intervention Arthur sat bolt upright and with an instinct born of generation upon generation of humankind grasped his sex with both hands.

"Oh please do not hide it Arthur it is such a pretty thing." Mary implored him while his eyes gradually focussed on her face upside down in front of him.

'How could she have crept up on him without being heard?' This first thought was followed swiftly by another. 'How to get out of this predicament?'

No, Arthur merely thought. 'What a serendipitous moment, alone, naked and being observed by Mary.' He removed his hands and let the little girl enjoy herself as she moved even closer.

"Can I... can I... please?"

Arthur did not reply but just lay still as the young girl reached out and placed her small hand on top of his penis shaft.

"It is so warm Arthur."

"It is a lovely hot day Mary."

As he spoke he felt the blood beginning to flow from elsewhere in his body to the place which was calling for reinforcements. His member twitched very, very slightly under her fingers and shifted its position to sit more centrally on his ball sack. Not for long though, the added stimulation of her tiny digits touching him resulted in an almost instant arousal. As his penis expanded by length and girth Mary's eyes similarly grew wider and wider. The girl was clearly fascinated at such an instant and exciting reaction to her touch. She had been stroking it without realising what she did but now that the two inch long sausage had expanded to more than twice its length and three times in circumference, rubbing the side was no longer appropriate. She wrapped her fingers round the shaft at the base where it appeared from the small thicket of pubic hair. In spite of it being the first time she had ever touched a penis let alone grasped one in her hand she seemed to have an innate skill. Arthur lay back down on the grass his erect member pointing skywards as the little girl moved her hand up and down sending waves of excitement, which slowly built, up and down the length of his penis. She leaned over and with her

face only inches away her tightening grip forced his foreskin down every time she pulled her hand down so that the tip was exposed and she could see a droplet sparkling on the end.

"Does that not hurt you Arthur?" she asked. She could not comprehend how such a rapid expansion could happen without being uncomfortable.

"Not at all sweet girl, in fact it feels absolutely wonderful."

Arthur like most men loved masturbation and when it was being done by such a cute little thing as Mary it was even better. He was adept at ignoring the fact that she was hardly old enough to be doing what she was doing. If he was honest with himself he was pleased that this surprise encounter was with her rather than her mother. Much as he loved Clara, being sexually aroused by Mary was even better.

Mary was kneeling beside Arthur while she continued massaging his penis.

"How much bigger does it get?" She asked incredulous at the swollen thing in her little fist. She jerked her hand back down and Arthur's foreskin slipped over the crown exposing fully the angry looking purple head.

"Oh goodness have I broken it?" In her panic at what had just happened she let go and Arthur's penis fell back and lay against his belly twitching.

"Of course not you silly girl." Arthur reassured her. "Nothing is broken and no it will not get any bigger but I think you should hold on again."

Before she did he grabbed his cock and slid the foreskin back so that the head was concealed again.

"There you are, no harm done."

He took up her hand and wrapped her little fist back around his shaft. Meanwhile he had noticed that the position she was in he could easily get his hand under her ankle length skirts. Not one to miss an opportunity when it presented itself he did what any right minded man would do in similar circumstances. Arthur moved his left hand under the hem of her skirt and as he edged it forward his fingers connected with a leg still encased in cotton poplin. The normal day wear for girls of her age as has been mentioned before was long skirts and underneath equally voluminous knickerbockers fastened around the leg with ribbon which threaded through the cotton material. Arthur realised that the best he could achieve would be to stroke Mary through the garment. There was no way he would have been able to infiltrate his hand or fingers through such a brilliantly constructed defence system. Undaunted though he moved his hand from her knee up the top of her thigh until he reached the point where he could feel her body and so he slid his hand over the curve of her leg and down between her skinny thighs until he was cupping her mound. The material was an unwanted obstruction but as he cupped her pudenda his fingers slid between her legs and rubbed gently up and down where he knew her pussy slit would be. He could not see what he was doing but his fingers felt the firm but puffy ridges of her cleft and he allowed his fingertip to travel up and down until the girl started wriggling and he knew he was in the right place. Pressing a little harder he felt his finger slip between her lips and push the thin material into her hidden grotto. Her bottom wriggled even more and she stroked his penis harder than before.

Arthur was visualising what Mary's little pussy must look like based on what he had seen of it at a distance during the picnic and it felt as good as it had looked that wonderful day. All he really wanted

now was to be able to get close up to her but preferably naked. Meanwhile he would have to make do with a grope through her clothing while she continued stroking his engorged member. A stroking that was having the desired effect. Desired by him at least. He knew he was near to orgasm and wondered what Mary would make of it when it happened.

He didn't have to wonder for long, a few more seconds and he felt the explosion building and building and then as Mary finished another down stroke it happened. He flexed his pelvic muscles as semen jetted a foot or more into the air in successive spurts before falling back and coating his stomach and Mary's hand in glistening sticky white juice.

"Oh gracious." She shrieked but held on tight to the pulsating penis. In fact she did not just hold on she actually increased the intensity of her hand movement until the last few drops leaked out and dribbled down the side of his shaft and over her knuckles. "That is so messy Arthur."

Messy but wonderful as far as Arthur was concerned. In spite of the activity going on in his lap Arthur made no effort to remove his hand from Mary's pussy and continued fingering her as best he could until she moved and the delightful folds of her concealed slit slipped away from him. Mary eventually relinquished her grip and wiped her hand on the grass to get rid of most of his semen.

"I think it would probably be for the best if we did not speak of this Mary."

"Who would I tell?" she looked at him quizzically while Arthur searched amongst his clothing for something suitable to clean himself with. He found a kerchief and proceeded, under the intrigued stare of the young girl, to wipe the sticky fluid from his genitals, stomach and with more difficulty from where it had embedded itself in his pubic hair.

"Do not tell your Mother, I do not want her upset." He replied.

"May I not speak of it to Susan and Louisa?"

"Especially not to your little friends."

"But I so want to share everything with them Arthur. They are my closest friends after all."

"No Mary. They would be sure to spread word of it throughout the school. I would then be vilified for abusing your mother's trust in me. Perhaps one day you could introduce me to them and then it may be that we could play together. All three of us but not before I know that they can be trusted with our secret."

"Very well." Mary had by now removed most of the glue-like substance from her fingers. It was fortunate that in spite of the intensity of his ejaculation none of the product of his loins had attached itself to Mary's skirt.

"I think it is time we went home to your mother now Mary. Does she know you are here?"

"She sent me to gather some blackberries for her to bake later. My basket is over there." She pointed towards the trees from whence she had emerged earlier. "I will go and fetch it."

As she stood and momentarily disappeared under the overhanging branches Arthur took the opportunity to get himself dressed, taking care to make himself look as unruffled as possible. He walked

to the water's edge and checked his reflection in the mirror-like surface of the pool before turning and starting towards the little gap through which Mary had passed. Before he reached it however the branches were thrown aside and the little girl came rushing towards him, the basket clasped tightly.

"Did you see them...?" She shrieked excitedly. "The fairies... You must have seen them..."

Arthur stopped as Mary ran up to him and dropping the basket allowing a few of the fruits to spill out, clasped him around the waist. He nearly lost his balance but by wrapping his arms around her he managed to halt her forward progress before they both ended up on the ground.

"Where Mary? I saw nothing."

"They were there, in the branches, lots of them all red and gold." The young girl was so excited by what she thought she had witnessed Arthur had difficulty calming her.

"Why don't we gather up the berries quietly and perhaps they will return." He thought it best to humour her and started to pick up the spilled blackberries while Mary stood beside him scanning the bushes and trees intently.

"There, look, over there." She pointed up into the branches of a gnarled oak to one side of where they were, "You must see them now. They are so lovely."

Arthur looked in the direction in which she was pointing and sure enough high in the tree there were flashes of gold moving between the leaves.

"There Arthur. In the tree"

"Yes I see them Mary. You are right they are beautiful."

She was so pleased that he could see her fairies she once more hugged him tightly causing another minor disturbance in his trousers which he decided to ignore and hoped that it would subside on its own.

"I think perhaps we should go now so we do not disturb them. What do you think?"

"Yes and mother will be waiting for the berries."

Mary took his hand while he carried the basket in the other and they struck out for the cottage. Arthur decided not to say anything more about the fairies. After all Mary did not need to know that what she had seen was in fact the flock of goldfinches Arthur had witnessed earlier. If she believed they were fairies then who was he to spoil her fantasies. After all he had his own fantasies and he would hate to have them spoiled.

When they arrived at the cottage Clara was outside in the back garden plucking apples from a tree.

"What took you so long Mary I expected you back sooner?" she called out as her daughter came round the corner of the building. "Oh hello Arthur, so you have rounded up my little girl."

"I stumbled upon her by the fairy pool and helped her carry her harvest."

"We saw the fairies as well Mother." The little girl was clearly excited about this. So excited that for the next few minutes it was all she could speak about which pleased Arthur. The longer she spent discussing her fairy tales the less likelihood of the truth getting out.

"Of course you did Mary." Clara smiled.

"We did, we really did. Tell her Arthur, tell Mother what happened."

"It is true Clara, Mary pointed them out to me flying through the treetops like birds but prettier." With his back to the girl so she could not see he winked at Clara. "I have never seen such a pretty sight."

"Well I must take your word for it then, they really do exist. Anyway I am glad you are both here now. Just in time for me to sort out the pie for lunch. No wonder it took you so long you seem to have found a good quantity of berries. Did you help her Arthur?"

"I guess I helped her a small amount. At least I made the exercise more interesting for her just by being there, did I not Mary?"

"Yes thank you Arthur I had my hands full a lot of the time. It was lovely that we could enjoy it before the fairies came although it was messy."

"You know what I am always telling you about not getting your hands covered in juice, but at least you seem to have got them clean before coming home." Clara said. She was not altogether sure she fully understood what Mary was getting at but then the child frequently went off at a tangent.

Clara was an adept at pastry making and as well as cooking the apple and blackberry pie she created a delicious suet pudding which she served up with potatoes and turnips. All three were full by the time lunch was finished.

The afternoon and early evening was spent tidying up the cottage garden in preparation for late summer planting of vegetables which it was hoped would see them through the winter. Fortunately in this part of the country harsh winters were the exception and so the small garden usually produced enough to meet Clara and Mary's needs. However this year Clara hoped that there would be a third occupant of the cottage. She had kept to her side of the agreement with Arthur. Since he offered to help support them in return for Clara agreeing to have no other male visitors she had not once opened her legs to allow any man other than Arthur into her secret garden. She was surprised how much she missed being regularly fucked by the men of the village but the sacrifice was worth it to guarantee her daughter's future security. After all not all of the cocks she had drained were as tempting as the one Arthur kept for her. She had entertained many which could only be described as wizened.

At the tea table later that day Clara revisited her answer to Arthur's proposal. You may recall that although she had graciously accepted his offer of assistance she had been uncertain when he might be permitted to move his belongings from his lodgings in St Loy to her humble cottage.

It may have seemed that she was merely taking the security without the commitment when in fact this could not have been further from the truth. Clara hoped that Arthur would eventually stay with her permanently but she knew that this was a decision so life changing that he had to have time to be certain it was what he wanted. Now, she had decided, the time had come to allow him to choose.

Freedom and the life of a carefree bachelor or tying himself to a widow with a young daughter in what amounted to a hovel compared to what he was used to in the big world.

“Arthur?”

“Yes my love.”

Mary sniggered listening to her elders and returned to her plate to finish the slice of sponge cake that her mother had just handed to her.

“I have been giving serious thought to your proposal again.”

“Please do not tell me you have changed your mind? I could not bear the thought of you returning to your previous existence.” Arthur looked horrified at the suggestion.

“Oh No, quite the opposite. I think now may be the time to let you come to live here if you still wish to.”

“I want for nothing more than to share my life with you and Mary completely. I will make arrangements right away. I had already prepared my landlady for the possibility. She will not be surprised when I speak to her. I will do so as soon as I return to St Loy tonight.”

“Actually I needed to speak with you about that Arthur. Would it be at all possible for you to stay here tonight and then look after Mary for me tomorrow. I have heard from my cousin that her mother, my aunt is unwell. She lives just the other side of Woolchester and has asked if I could visit her and offer some assistance. I should be back before tomorrow evening if I leave at daybreak or just before.”

Arthur mulled the idea over in his mind for all of ten seconds before agreeing enthusiastically to do as Clara had asked.

“Oh Mother I do hope Great Aunt Augusta is going to be better soon. Could I not come with you tomorrow?”

“No Mary I need to get up very early and it is a long walk. You can stay here with Arthur, I am sure he will take very good care of you. You know how much we both love you. If I set off before sunrise I should be with Augusta by the time she wakes and then I will be able to come back to you both before sunset. I just need you to promise to do whatever Arthur asks of you and be a good girl.”

“Of course I will Mother.”

Arthur could not believe his luck. Only a few hours had passed since he discovered that Mary was prepared and even anxious to please him and now he had been given a golden opportunity to test that willingness still further.

“You don’t need to be concerned for Mary’s wellbeing Clara. I will take great care of her and I am sure she will also take care of me won’t you Mary.” He looked across the table at the little girl and thought he saw a flicker of a smile on her lips.

The rest of the evening proceeded with discussions about how soon Arthur would be able to move in and how they would adjust the cottage to accommodate a third person. There was very little that could

be done, he would just have to fit in as best he could but the opportunity of sharing his life with the two most wonderful people he could imagine was worth any inconvenience in lifestyle.

Some time before nine Mary said good night to her mother and Arthur before taking herself off to the bedroom and settling down in the small bed under the window. Arthur and Clara finished their discussions and then when they thought that Mary would be asleep they too went to bed.

"Are you certain you are ready for me to move in with you Clara?" Arthur quietly asked once they had settled into the double bed.

"Of course, I would not have said so unless I was certain. You have been too kind in helping Mary and me over the last few weeks, it is not fair to expect you to keep your lodgings when you are giving us so much. It is also a long walk for you whenever you wish to come to see me."

"I do not mind the walk Clara, the end result is always worth the effort." With Clara in his arms he unfastened the buttons on the front of her nightdress and slipped his hand inside until he could feel the rise of her breast and the hardening bud of her nipple.

"Oh I do love you Arthur. You are so good to us."

Clara was spooned into his body and as he ran his palm in circular motions over her breast she could feel his penis starting to stir and pressing against her bottom. Clara moved her hips and in so doing stimulated him still further until he was pressing hard against her. Eventually he had to pull his hips back and allow his cock to rise up against his stomach. If it had not done so the growth was in danger of becoming very uncomfortable. Now that his erection was capable of reaching its full potential he nestled it in the crack between her buttocks and moving slowly but meaningfully he rubbed it up and down enjoying the pleasant sensations imparted by this gentle masturbation technique.

Arthur took his hand away from Clara's breast and reaching down felt for the bottom of her nightdress which he slowly lifted higher and higher until his hand had moved up her leg, over her knee and onto her slender thighs before moving forward and down into the gap between her legs where her hot wet pussy waited for him. He slipped his hand between her thighs so that the heel of his palm was resting perfectly along the slit formed by her outer labia. He could feel the sparse hairs on her lips as they tickled his hand. Moving it back and forth he gradually slipped between her outer lips and the wetness of her vulva reached him. Clara lifted her leg and as she did Arthur turned his hand until he was cupping her sex in his palm. A slight flexing of his fingers and before he knew it he had wormed two of them between her inner lips and into the heat of her vagina. Arthur pressed on and gently but firmly massaged her vaginal walls whilst Clara continued grinding her hips against him enjoying the feeling of his hard member between her buttocks while the head brushed lightly back and forth over the tight rosebud of her anus. Clara, in spite of the many men who had visited her had never been fucked anally and although it was not something she had particularly wanted to experience, wondered what it would feel like if she just moved herself slightly and allowed his cock head to approach her tight sphincter. The idea of lubricating to make it more comfortable crossed her mind and while Arthur continued stimulating her cunt she wondered whether she could slip out of the bed to the kitchen and find the goose grease she used for roasting potatoes.

Her thoughts and Arthur's stroking was brought to a quick conclusion however as a loud thunderclap resounded around the woods and the sound of a heavy rainstorm broke into their consciousness. A

moment later and small feet could be heard pattering across the cold floor and in a moment another small body had joined them in the bed.

"Mother, I'm frightened." Mary's high pitched voice could not compete with the sound of the storm raging outside the windows.

The girl had leaped into the bed as she always did when something woke her at night. Not a frequent occurrence but occasionally a bad dream would disturb her and when that happened she would clamber into her mother's bed for a cuddle. Unfortunately, because of the suddenness of the storm and also the fact that the girl had forgotten that her mother was sharing her bed with somebody tonight, when she jumped in and snuggled beneath the covers the person she wrapped her arms around was not Clara but Arthur. In the light provided by the occasional but bright lightning flashes which illuminated the room a curious tableau presented itself. Clara lay on her side with Arthur's hand between her legs and his fingers thrust up inside her pussy. Behind her Arthur was frozen, his penis buried between Clara's cheeks and clinging to his back like a small primate was the slender body of Mary who was spooning Arthur's bottom while her arms wrapped themselves around both of the adults. She was unaware of the activity she had interrupted but Arthur and Clara were only too well aware of the situation.

"It is alright Mary." Clara reached her arm back and managed with some difficulty to get her hand onto Mary's leg to comfort her. Arthur meanwhile lay still, trapped between the two girls as his penis slowly shrank back and he withdrew his hand from between Clara's legs.

The unlikely trio stayed in this position until the storm abated and Mary eventually crawled back into her own bed.

"I am sorry about that Arthur. That does not happen often." Clara said as she settled back down facing him and clutching him to her bosom.

"I really don't mind Clara. Mary is welcoming to cuddle me whenever she wishes." He replied but his thoughts were not on reassuring a frightened young girl but focused on how pleasant it had been to feel her slim thighs and soft flat belly against his bottom. He could not wait to finalise the move to the cottage and hopefully he would be able to engineer such occasions more frequently. The thought sent shivers down to his groin and his penis started to rise again.

"No Arthur, not now, I really must get some sleep it will be daybreak soon and I have a long walk to Augusta's in the morning."

She kissed him goodnight and they both turned their back to each other. Feeling her buttocks rubbing against his Arthur took hold of his cock and gently stroking himself he went to sleep with visions of a naked Mary in his mind, her smooth bald tight pussy being foremost in his imaginings. Oh how he wanted to touch her and he intended to as soon as he could.

CHAPTER 6 – ALONE WITH MARY

The next morning dawned bright and clear. Arthur opened his eyes and looked around the room trying to accustom himself to the semi-darkness of the cottage. It did not take him long before he remembered that he and Mary were alone together and would be for the rest of the day until Clara returned from her visit to her ailing relative in Woolchester. Clara had left early as it was a fair walk in the penumbral light of early morning and she wanted to get there as soon after daybreak as she could.

He looked across at the small bed on the other side of the room and could not believe how beautiful the young girl lying on top of the covers actually was.

Mary was on her back wearing a chemise and knickerbockers. He had asked her the night before whether she would not have been more comfortable in a nightdress but she replied that she did not possess one. He resolved to put that situation right as soon as he could get to the haberdashers in St Loy. But for now he just lay on Clara's bed and watched the young girl as her breast rose and fell and sleep still wrapped her in its warm embrace. Arthur placed his hand between his legs and felt the surge of heat which usually preceded the onset of a morning erection. Mary stirred and turned over onto her side her eyes slowly opening as she saw Arthur watching her from across the room.

"Good Morning Mary. Time to get up. Your mother left an hour since." He said as he stood and walked across to her bed. He seated himself on the edge and gently stroked her hair with his fingers.

Mary graced him with her beguiling smile.

"Good Morning, Arthur," she said as he settled himself on the bed beside her. She didn't complain when he lifted her chin and surprisingly kissed her gently on the lips.

"Mmmm what a lovely way to wake up, Arthur!" she said and instead of pulling away pressed her lips more tightly to his.

The giggle that followed brought a big grin to his face and the day suddenly seemed ineffably wonderful.

One kiss turned into several and several into many and before he knew what was happening Arthur's penis was making a visible tent in his nightgown. Mary soon became an accomplished little kisser and Arthur revelled in the feeling of her tongue running over his.

The mismatched couple kissed deeply, slowly, with heads tilted slightly as Arthur held the back of her small head in his hand. He felt more strongly aroused than he had even with Clara and Heaven knows they had no problem consummating their sexual relationship. Mary's little tongue searched around his mouth and as he sucked it gently he could feel his already rampant cock swelling even more. Mary was breathing faster than normal and it was clear to Arthur that she too was experiencing the first stages of arousal.

Arthur had longed for this moment ever since he first spotted Mary playing with her young friends and now he knew this was the time when all his dreams might be fulfilled. He wrapped his arms tightly around her and she almost as if it were meant to be got up on her knees and rested her head against his chest. Her smile, the tilt of her head and the way she pulled him towards her was as erotic an

experience as Arthur had ever had. Kissing her was becoming an addiction. Hearing her soft murmurs, her purring like a kitten as his tongue gently probed her warm delicious mouth and he held her petite body to him had Arthur achingly hard.

As the kiss lingered, Mary's tongue moved more forcefully, there was almost an urgency to it and, as she moaned into his mouth Arthur knew right then that he wanted to make love to her and that there would never be a better opportunity. He had to have her, she was the sexiest and most desirable girl he had ever known.

Arthur broke off his kiss. "Mary my sweet, you know how much I love you and your mother but I want us to be as close together as I am with your mother in every way. I love you my precious angel and I want us to do more than kiss like this. Perhaps I might kiss your body, touch you and love you in the way your mother and I do?" he said softly, hesitantly, understanding full well what he was asking.

After a slight pause she smiled. "You mean like at the lake?"

"Yes my angel, like at the lake, you do understand what I mean don't you Mary?"

"Of course I do Arthur and I want it too. I have wanted it ever since I saw you and mother together." she said smiling broadly and reaching for him. Arthur brushed her aside for a moment and standing removed his nightgown before lying back down on the small bed beside Mary. The single bed on which they reclined was narrow and hard. But just sharing it with her was sufficient for him at that moment. Mary placed her small hand on his chest.

"It feels so nice cuddling up like this, Arthur" Mary spoke softly as she stroked her hand over his chest.

"Yes it is." He replied.

Actually although he did not say so, feeling her little fingers stroking him was intensely arousing. Lying by his side she lifted her hand to his face and running her fingers down over his cheek she ran her fingers down his face, tracing the outline of his smile. She smiled in a mirror image of his and then she leant over to kiss him. She could not reach at first and had to lift herself up until her face was close to his and she could feel his thin beard against her cheek. She moved her mouth to his and her small tongue flitted over his lips.

Mary kissed him sweetly and then sat fully upright on the bed next to him.

"Is that nice, Arthur."

Her small hands now played with his chest hair what there was of it. The young girl twisted her fingers in his soft curly hairs and she giggled as she felt how surprisingly soft it was.

"That is soft," she whispered, and felt his nipples with her fingertips. Just tiny little nipples for such a grown up person. She had seen her mother's nipples when Clara got dressed and undressed in front of her and she obviously knew how boyish her own still were but this was the first time she had felt the nipples of a grown man and even as they stiffened almost imperceptibly she was surprised how small they were. Tiring of nipple tweaking she began feeling her way down over his stomach and probing into his navel. Mary did not intend to lose the opportunity of investigating his body now she had him properly close to her for the first time.

As for Arthur he just lay still and allowed her to put her hands wherever she wished. Her touch was having a pleasant effect on him, his penis responded to her touch, the shaft started to grow and the head lifted up with traces of precum oozing from the tiny eye.

Mary's small hands traced down his sides and inwards across his hips. It was obvious where they were heading and Arthur could not wait for them to arrive. She paused when her hands touched his erection. He could see her concentration as she gently felt for his shaft, fingers curling around it, as they had the previous day, and exploring its length. Not much yet but growing by the moment.

"You are so big, Arthur," she whispered, both hands holding his shaft softly. She explored the wet tip spreading precum and pinching her forefinger and thumb together she marvelled at the viscose liquid.

Her palm slipped down the shaft and little fingers felt for Arthur's scrotum, gently feeling the outline of his testicles, the wrinkle skin and the sparse hairs which sprouted here and there. After too short a time her two hands moved away from his genitals much to his disappointment. Soon they were exploring his legs sliding down his thighs to his knees.

Eventually, apparently satisfied with her inspection, she smiled a sweet smile and lay down again, her arms up on the pillow and her smooth hairless armpits like two small hollows just waiting to be kissed.

"Your turn to touch me now Arthur."

Rising to his knees Arthur experienced small tremors shaking his body. He should have felt bad, even guilty knowing that he was about to enjoy touching the intimate parts of a young girl when he should not have been doing it. But he did not. Instead all he felt was intense love, love for this little girl which surpassed everything he felt for her mother. He wanted to make love to her, no he needed to make love to her. His whole being ached for the opportunity to slide up inside her young pussy and feel the intense heat and wetness of her gorgeous grotto. He wanted Mary as close to himself as humanly possible. Not just close he wanted to become part of her. He needed to feel himself inside her body, two beings formed into one. He wanted to have sex with her and the small matter of her age was nothing in his eyes. He had to have her, he had to slip his penis into her, he needed to impregnate her if that were at all possible. He didn't know whether she had attained puberty yet. From the outward signs it would seem that she had not, her breasts were still just vestigial bumps and her pubic mound was almost completely smooth. One or two thin wispy blonde hairs were struggling to grow but still her slit was unconcealed by female foliage. The thought of her taking his seed and just possibly growing new life in his image was exciting, exhilarating, divine. His heart stirred at the thought but he was realistic. If today was not to be the day when he impregnated her he knew that day would come.

An electrical charge shot through him from head to foot as he took hold of the hem of her chemise and lifting it revealed the long cotton knickerbockers tied just above the knee with pretty pink ribbon. He raised her chemise further and lifted it off over her head all the while staring at the place where her thighs met still covered by the virginal white cotton. Once the garment was off and her small breast buds were visible standing proud against her chest he turned his attention to her knickerbockers and in no time they too had been removed and he found himself staring fixedly at the seductive pout of her pussy, marvelling at how the creases at the top of her thighs pointed directly at the object of his desire. He was transfixed by the beauty of the small mound surmounting a tight little slit. Her virgin slit, smooth and hairless and so, so enticing,

He let his thumb pad trace the outline of her mouth and felt her smile. Leaning over he kissed Mary's small mouth, his tongue touching her lips. He next turned his attention to those delicious little armpits and placed butterfly kisses on each in turn which caused Mary to giggle hysterically as his beard tickled her tender skin. She pulled her arms down and wrapped them around him. As her arms encircled his neck she moved her face back to his and her mouth opened to play with his tongue as he caressed her tiny nipples, feeling the hard little pad underneath that gave shape to her areola, tiny little breasts just beginning to develop. He decided that she was probably not ready to bear a child and consoled himself with enjoying the beauty of her body in the early stages of puberty. After all, he thought she would not stay like this for ever and he found her small body with its straight lines and soft smooth skin strangely more arousing than the more fluid curves of her mother. Even Clara still retained elements of a boyish shape much to his delight. The onset of puberty he realised was very attractive at least to him. Arthur wondered what it was about the girl child in front of him which was so much more alluring than any number of fully grown women. He did not have the answer but at this precise moment he did not care.

Still kissing her, his hand slid down across her tummy to rest on top of the prominent mound of her pubis. Mary moved her legs apart and a thrill of excitement ran throughout Arthur's body. Gently, carefully, he cupped her delicate little pubis in his hand, sensing how plump it felt, so small in his palm. Her mound filled the place where her thighs met and he knew that just over the top of that small hillock was the most entrancing valley just waiting for the intrepid explorer to venture in. Rubbing her gently he heard her murmur softly. Excitement surged at the thought that he would be Livingston seeking new lands where no man had ever been before.

Breaking the kiss once more, Arthur shuffled down the bed a little. Now that she was completely naked his eyes were glued to her immature genitals. They were incredible to behold. Her pudenda was an beautiful hairless peach filling the triangular space at her groin. Before he could move again, Mary parted her legs, knees rising. His heart was pounding as he bent down between them. Mary's little pussy was beautiful, its immaturity sexy and alluring. Her small cleft was topped by her clitoral hood where the two outer lips met and the bump of her clitoris rose seductively where these outer labia parted and her immature slit began. Her labia were thick, almost plump and tightly closed, ripe for a questing finger or penis to get between.

Mary moaned softly when he caressed the bump protecting her sensitive clitoris. He let his fingertip slip between her plump outer lips and slid it down, watching as her puffy labia wrapped around his finger. A strong, strong shudder racked his body as his fingers encountered the tiny entrance to her vagina. It suddenly registered with him how much her baby pussy would need to stretch to accommodate him and, while he should probably have stopped at the thought it only encouraged him to carry on his exploration of her body. He had never felt so excited and thrilled.

Moving his hand in small circular motions Arthur massaged the opening to her sweet little vagina while his mouth and tongue kissed and licked her hole and then taking care to be gentle he sucked softly on her clitoris. He could feel the moisture of her pussy juices on his finger which told him she was beginning to respond to his attentions. He stopped, rose up and gently leaned over her small body. Lowering himself he felt her thighs separate further and as he lowered his weight onto her she was pushed gently until her legs were held flat against the bed. They were face to face now although given her lack of height this description hardly fitted. The top of Mary's head was almost on a level with Arthur's chin. Where it mattered however their genitals were in accord. His erection didn't quite touch her but hovered over the warm grotto between her legs while her Mount of Venus pressed against his stomach.

Arthur kissed Mary, his erection pulsing and bouncing as he realised that he was just about to have sex with the pretty little girl from the playground. Her arms were wrapped around his chest as their tongues intertwined and his arousal built until he was almost at breaking point.

"It might hurt at first, Mary," he whispered when their kiss ended and their lips separated. He felt her body tense slightly as he moved closer to penetrating her. "I will be gently my sweet girl."

"I don't mind if it hurts a little Arthur?" she asked, pushing her pelvis up towards him. "I want to do what mother does."

With excitement pounding through him he held his weight on one elbow, moved his body up and reached down to grasp his straining penis in his hand so that he could guide it to its ultimate destination. The top of Mary's head tickled his chin and he sighed as his penis head touched her little pussy lips. Precum oozed from the tip as he allowed it to slide deliciously along her closed cleft, so soft against him and so delightfully tempting. He took his time guiding the tip of his cock up and down her slit. Precum made her labia moist enough for him to begin to slip between her lips and as he familiarised himself with the shape and softness of her little pussy, her labia gently parted, hugging his cockhead while he moved it up and down outside and then slowly over the edge and into the secret place, her hot wet vulva waiting to accept his bulbous cock head. He really wanted Mary to enjoy this, in fact he wanted Mary to love it. This was her introduction to pleasures that would go on to greater heights for both of them. He hoped she would enjoy it too. If that meant taking less pleasure for himself this time, then so be it. He wanted her to experience a climax but realised that it might not happen this first time. Arthur was not a heartless man and he needed her first time to be as pleasurable as possible so that he would have the opportunity to make love to her many times in the months and years to come.

Gradually he could feel the tip of his penis sinking deeper into her little slit. On every down stroke he felt her vulva dilate as the head came closer to the entrance to her tiny vagina. His penis was catching on the nub of her clitoris which nestled at the junction of her outer labia. With each movement he felt his precum seeping out and the urge to follow it with ejaculate which he resisted valiantly.

Slipping his erection up and down he revelled in the feeling as it caressed Mary's clit. He heard her murmur every time the tip of his penis slipped gently over her clitoris. Her body started to move slightly and her arms tightened around him as her arousal built and, all too soon Mary was moving her body in time with his movements, helping him to slip up and down by moving her small pelvis, pushing her little pussy at his groin.

Arthur felt his heart beating faster now. He had never been troubled with cumming too soon but now he started worrying that he might not even last until he was fully inside the little girl, he was so aroused. But at that moment, when his penis slipped down to nestle inside her pretty little slit to rest against the entrance to her vagina he held still wanting to prolong the experience. Mary continued moving her pelvis, undulating her tight little pussy against him. As she did and the head gradually slid between her outer lips and nestled in her vulva she marvelled at the size of what was beginning to invade her young body. Arthur felt his cock firmly pressed at the entrance to her vagina. It was agony for him not to thrust, but he did not. Arthur let her move her body beneath him. Her soft breathing sounded loud as she moved her small pussy up and down and then eventually she changed her movements until she was almost making circular motions around the stiff member pinning her to her bed.

Mary's hands slipped down to his waist and, as she kept up her rhythmic undulations, she held his masculine body, pulling herself up against him. Arthur could hear blood roaring in his ears as he felt her impossibly tiny opening dilate slightly. His cock head was beginning to penetrate her. With exquisitely sensual circular motions which were instinctive as there was no way she could have been taught to move like that, Mary slowly, slowly worked herself onto Arthur's hard erection, her entrance a tight ring working its way over the tip of his cock.

Arthur did not know that Mary had already lost her maidenhead that afternoon of the picnic at the fairy pool but it mattered not. The way into her hot wet vagina was not obstructed but was still exceptionally tight. He felt his cock slip past the ragged remnants of her hymen unobstructed. She gasped softly, shuddered and paused. The head of his penis was large compared to the path it was taking up into her belly. He knew he was stretching the little girl but she did not complain. He had expected her to cry out but that did not happen. Her hymen may have already been broached but she was still a virgin after all. Somehow he had been expecting a loud cry of pain. Mary was the first virgin he had entered and so he did not really know what to expect any more than she did. But Mary's reaction to his penetration was not what he thought it would be. They both held their position, Arthur leaning on his elbow and holding his aching erection in place. Not thrusting was pure agony. It felt like a couple of minutes passed before he felt Mary start to move again faster this time, her motion and rhythm returning. He knew from the strong pulsing of his penis that he had leaked a lot of precum into her and this added lubrication helped as, applying a slight pressure, his shaft slipped into her velvety warm grip. There was almost a popping sensation as his head entered through the tight ring guarding the entrance to her love nest. Her muscles tightened around his shaft as the head slid deeper into the little girl.

"See Arthur? It does fit." Mary whispered in his ear but Arthur was too entranced with the feelings between his legs to respond.

God, he thought, he was, he was fucking the little girl who had aroused him every time he saw her from that first time in the Penstone schoolyard. He was fucking her and loving every moment. The head of his penis was held in a tight moist sheath as it throbbed hard in her belly. He felt certain that she could feel every heartbeat. It felt so good. He took his hand away from the base of his shaft where it had been helping to guide it on its journey. Guidance was not needed now, his rigid erection was lodged deep inside her vaginal passage. He took hold of Mary's small shoulders, making sure to keep his weight on his elbows. It would not do to crush the child. Her body felt so small and delicate under him and he loved the feeling of her small legs spread wide apart each side of his thighs. That moment, lying on the little girl with his erection lodged in her immature belly, was one he wanted to remember for the rest of my life. It was unbelievably erotic and arousing. If anything, her smallness beneath him inflamed his desire even more; so young, so desirable, so incredibly sexy.

"How are you feeling, my angel," He asked softly.

"It feels really, really big."

"Does it hurt?"

"Not really, perhaps a little bit but I don't mind Arthur."

"Lay still then Mary. Don't move. Let your body adjust to the feeling of having me inside you. You must tell me if you want me to take it out." Arthur could not know it but taking it out was the last thing Mary wanted at that moment.

Arthur bent forward and kissed the pretty little thing on the top of her head. The smell of her hair although it had not been washed for several days was none the less a delight. Arthur was contented just lying with the small body beneath him knowing that he hardly needed to move and the sensation of her tight young pussy would tip him over the edge and he would cum inside her. The thought of ejaculating in such a new unsullied slit was enough to make him more excited than he had ever been. He felt his penis swelling further and throbbing inside her.

Mary started to move under him again, just small pelvic movements at first. He could feel her clitoris, a hard nub, rubbing on the top of his shaft. Joining her movement, he pushed his erection lightly upwards and then pulled back slightly. In tiny, tiny increments he felt her warm, incredibly snug, velvety vaginal wall opening ahead of the tip of his penis and the tight ring of her muscles slipped down his straining shaft. Just these tiny movements let him slowly sink deeper into the little girl's pussy, his erection held in a tight, tight grip. Arthur sighed when the tip of his erection nudged against her cervix, the ring of muscle stopping him penetrating beyond into her womb. He loved the feeling of his penis being held tightly by this satiny soft sheath that moved on him, massaging, stimulating; her little pelvis undulating rhythmically against him, squeezing his cock and allowing the head to move against the rubbery entrance to her womb. It was deliciously erotic. Arthur loved the feeling of being inside Clara but Mary was so much sweeter so delightful.

Mary undulated, pressing up against him, relaxed, pressed up again until he could feel the head nudging hard against her cervix. She relaxed and then like a little snake undulated again. It was intensely exciting. Without making much effort himself he realised the little girl was actually fucking him, exquisitely fucking him, her pace slowly increasing with each movement. She started moving herself even more, her tight, tight pussy sometimes slipping off his aching erection and then he felt it plunging back as she curled up, pressing him deep, deep into her sweet tight vagina. Arthur felt his climax starting. He knew he would not be able to take much more of this. He needed to do nothing now, Mary was doing all the work her tight little pussy milking his penis for him.

Reaching down with one hand he took hold of her tiny bottom, two sexy little buttocks flexing in his palm. Arthur felt the responsibility of age and decided he should not be just lying still while a little girl fucked him. He joined in, fucking her, moving his hips slowly, withdrawing, thrusting gently, so gently, her tight, tight pussy gripping his firm shaft. She felt wonderful beneath him, her body so small, her little buttocks a perfect handful. Arthur fucked the little girl, slowly, tenderly, small erotic strokes in and out of her tight bald slit. An ache developed in his groin, he felt a need to come inside her so sudden, so strong, so desperate and then the heavens opened.

"Arthur," she cried out softly, her hands on his waist tugging him urgently trying to pull him deeper into her belly. Mary was cumming for the first time in her young life as well. The little girl was climaxing, her body jerking, spasming, her tight vagina gripping and releasing as if milking Arthur's erection.

Arthur groaned at the sudden intense feeling of joy which shot through him. He drove his penis firmly into her once and, then with the tip pressed against the entrance to her tiny immature womb, his climax hit like a runaway horse, cum tearing up the shaft and his erection expanding as he spurted hard and

deep into her. A groan escaped as he pulled out half an inch or more and then pressed back in, sealing himself to her womb as another more intense wave of pleasure hit him, semen exploding into Mary in a huge, aching pulse. His eyes closed and he lost himself in the young girl, drowning inside her body. With short, firm thrusts he fucked the little girl hard now, holding her, pulling her little bottom towards himself. Moments later as he came explosively inside the sweet little girl with each glorious thrust, semen flooded her little pussy, thrusting and spurting deep into her tight vagina as pleasure thundered through him in the most intense orgasm he had ever felt. He came so completely, aching and cramping until, collapsing on her small body, the last weak spurts drained from his sore but satisfied penis.

Arthur was exhausted, totally relaxed and intensely satisfied. When Mary moved under him he rolled off her little body, reluctantly pulling his deflating penis from her and already thinking about making love with her again.

Holding Mary tightly he asked, "How are you feeling my sweet girl?"

"Good Arthur. A bit sore, but really good," she said sleepily, snuggling close in his arms.

Surprisingly and suddenly they both fell asleep side by side, naked with a large wet spot on the sheets where his semen had seeped out of her pussy. Mary cuddled up against him and for what was probably only half an hour or so Arthur slept more satisfied than he had ever been.

When he woke she was still slumbering beside him. Her soft cheek felt good against his chest. Small nostrils on her button nose flared gently in peaceful sleep, her warm little breaths stirring his chest hair. He felt a flush of love looking at her cuddled to his side, her slender arm thrown over his chest, knee over his thigh and a perfect little buttock in the palm of his hand. Knowing her small womb carried his semen thrilled him. He was at peace, muscles relaxed, and satisfaction permeating him in a post-orgasmic glow as he pulled his little lover, Clara's little girl and now his own precious little Mary closer to himself.

Smiling, he thought back those few short weeks. So much had happened, so many changes in such a short time. Who knew that taking that detour home through the woodland was going to affect his life in such a delightful fashion. From being alone with only drinking friends, now he was no longer alone. He had exchanged his bachelor existence for a life of simplicity but with such wonderful companions who would not have made the same choice.

Clara was his life and in time he was sure they would grow even closer and at some time he must give thought to making her future really secure by possibly making her his wife. But now it was not all about Clara, Mary was going to be his future as well. Life could get no better except...

As he lay beside her enjoying the sweet childlike smell of her body in his nostrils he wondered 'Was it possible?...'

'Might he have just planted the seed of things to come?...'

'Could his little Wood Nymph, unlikely as it was, be nurturing another life within her smooth flat belly?

'Could he have impregnated her and laid the beginnings of another generation?'

'Another little girl for him to love, to take his seed in the years to come?...'

He realised that only time would tell but that time was going to be the most magical for him and he hoped also for Clara and Mary.

Arthur was now beginning the next phase in his life, one which took him away from his past acquaintances but thrust him into a world of beauty and magic and love...